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IKE WEIR'S GREAT BATTLE

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1889.

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Price Ten Cents.



HUGGED THE HANDSOME TENOR.
GUSHING ADIEU BETWEEN A FAMOUS OPERATIC STAR AND SEVERAL GIDDY SOCIETY GIRLS.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1889.

JUST ISSUED.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

A DECIDEDLY EXCITING CONTEST over a will has been begun at Auburn, N. Y. The litigants are three widows, all fighting for a legacy of \$500. Five hundred dollars must represent a small fortune in that section of the country.

FOR HOLDING A GRUDGE James Martin, a well-to-do farmer of Balliettsville, Pa., who died a few days since, took the cake. He disinherited his only daughter because of a girlish act which he disapproved of fifty years ago. During all the years following he never forgave her, and capped the climax by leaving her penniless at his death.

imped into Silver save a child in her by a mad dog. Her y to her anxiety to herself could easily each of the rabid animal by night. Jersey nurse girls are made of the right kind of stuff, if this one is any criterion to go by.

A MURDERER'S sentence to hang was commuted to imprisonment for life by the Connecticut Legislature on the 28th inst. It is the first case on record where the Connecticut Legislature has commuted a death sentence, and it is believed that hereafter there will be no hangings in that State. Whether this will lessen or increase crime in Connecticut remains to be seen. It will be a risky experiment for the Nutmeg State whatever may be its effect.

HENRY M. POLLARD, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE from Trinidad, South America, to the effect that he is desirous of competing against the champion 100-yards runner of America. We mention this as a sample of the many thousands of inquiries, propositions, etc., constantly being received from readers of the GAZETTE in all portions of the world, showing that wherever civilization exists the GAZETTE reaches, making it an advertising medium of the greatest possible value. Wide-awake advertisers will not be slow to profit by this hint.

MISS FANNIE STAMMERS, a rich Westchester county maiden, has brought suit against an up-the-river farmer for a broken heart, which she values at \$25,000. Miss Stammers met this gay Lothario while boarding in the country one summer, attended picnics, excursions, etc., with him, the acquaintance resulting in a promise of marriage, which he now refuses to fulfill. Up-the-river farmers are evidently not so easily caught in the meshes of matrimony as the average city chap. Had Miss Stammers spent the time she wasted on this mashing tiler of the soil looking for a husband in the city, she no doubt would have found scores of dudes who would eagerly have jumped at the opportunity of getting a rich wife.

We have received a copy of the Police Gazette. Pictorially, the Gazette is perfection itself, among the numerous excellent woodcuts being splendid portraits of O'Connor and Teemer, the principals in the recent great champion sculling race, as well as other remarkable characters. Sport, represented by pugilism, athletics and aquatic, receives much attention, while several literary gems are to be found in the number. In its own particular line, the Gazette is such a paper as only America can turn out.—*Motiv Independent, New South Wales.*

The publication from which the above is taken is a wide-awake little sheet devoted to sporting and general news, having a large circulation in ten parishes in New South Wales. It shows considerable push and enterprise in its business management, and is evidently in a very prosperous condition, judging from its advertising columns. It is unnecessary to say that we feel flattered to be thus complimented by a journal of such prominence and influence in its own country.

MASKS AND FACES

Byron With Rice--Fursh Madi
Kisses Abe.

HELEN BARRY'S BLUFF.

Barbers on the Boards--"To-Morrow
and To-Morrow."

CHAFF AND CHATTER.

Abe Hummel, counsellor-at-law and first-nighter, had a delightful experience last week. Fursh Madi, a prima donna worth her weight in gold, bent down over the little giant counsellor and kissed him on both cheeks in open court.



He had won her case for her, and she enthusiastically embraced him.

The irrepressible Abe smiled beamingly, and remarked in operatic *sotto voce* that they all do it.

Perhaps they do.

Francis Wilson had a big triumph in Philadelphia.

He appeared as *Faragut* in "Nadly," under the management of Nixon and Zimmerman, at the Chestnut Street Theatre. The house was the largest of the season, owing doubtless to the Wilson-Aronson quarrel, and the comedian's dismissal. Wilson, employed by the manager of the Chestnut Street Theatre, reappeared among his associates of the New York Casino company, and was the hero of the hour. Mr. Aronson looked in from the lobby over the heads of nearly one thousand standers, and heard Wilson applauded and cheered over one minute by the watch. Then the comedian made a speech. He said, among other things:

"I have reached the proud distinction of having been discharged, and I feel that I have accomplished something. Now I am like that little boy whose mother cut his trousers the same in the back as in the front, and he could never tell whether he was going to school or coming home. That's my position. I don't know whether I am going to school at the Casino or coming home to Philadelphia."

I overheard this in the lobby the other night: "Hello, Crib, finished your play yet?" "Yes."

"What do you call it?" "The Telegraph Messenger."

"Doomed, Crib, doomed! It will never run."

I read some pages of the "Reminiscences" of Lester Wallace the other day. Here is what old man Wallace thought of the ballet: "My father made thirty-five passages across the Atlantic in the old packet ships before the day of steamers. * * * He never could endure the ballet, and some of his friends used to remonstrate with him on the subject at the time when the ballet was an essential thing and when it followed every opera as a matter of course, being requisite as an indispensable finish to the night's entertainment. But in those days we had, to be sure, Taglioni, Fanny Elssler, Cerito and Carlotta Grisi. At last one of his friends, a well-known man about town, said to him: 'My dear Wallace, it is very curious that you do not see the beauties of imagination shown by the poses of the ballet,' and so on. My father, getting out of patience, replied: 'Look here, it is hard enough to stand these absurdities in an opera, and though I can comprehend people singing their joys, I'm damned if I can understand them dancing their griefs.'"

Byron with Rice.

That's the dish we had at the Grand Opera House last week.

The dish was "The Corsair," a burlesque on the poem.

I wonder how Lord Byron and Ed Rice would have got on together.

They both have one taste in common, Byron and Rice, that's sure.

They both like pretty women.

Annie Perkins, as *Conrad*, is pretty, but her acting and singing are not up to the standard.

Her gestures are acrobatic.

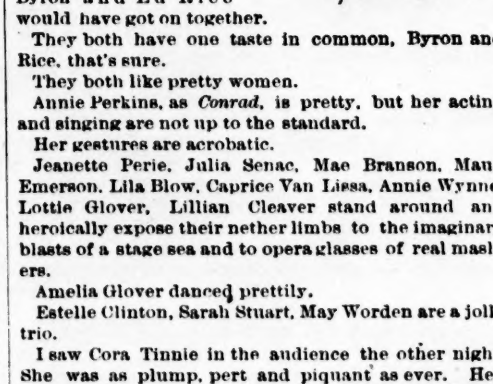
Jeanette Perie, Julia Senac, Mae Branson, Maud Emerson, Lila Blow, Caprice Van Liess, Annie Wynne, Lottie Glover, Lillian Cleaver stand around and heroically expose their nether limbs to the imaginary blasts of a stage sea and to opera glasses of real masher.

Amelia Glover danced prettily.

Estelle Clinton, Sarah Stuart, May Worden are a jolly trio.

I saw Cora Tinnie in the audience the other night. She was as plump, pert and piquant as ever. Her

Admirers of the many art of self-defense can secure a collection of Cabinet Photographs of all the leading pugilists for 10 cents each by addressing Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



little nose was tip-tilted. Her roguish eyes watched the proceedings of "The Corsair" keenly.

I went out during one of the acts to get a cracker, and as I came in a bit late Miss Tinnie informed me confidentially that I had missed one of the best features of the show.

"What's that?" I whispered.

"Why, George Fortescue came out, made up as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, and sang such a funny song!"

"What was the song?" I asked.

"Tell you later," whispered she.

Miss Tinnie did afterwards give me the words, and here they are as near as I can remember.

Imagine Fortescue singing them.

Don't you think I am precious?

Don't you think I am nice?

I'm the child phenomenon

That gets the highest price.

I'm the only actor kid, the darling baby boy

That tackles "Editha's Burglar" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Speaking of George Fortescue reminds me of Helen Barry.

J. M. Hill opened the new and beautiful Union Square Theatre last week, and a large and brilliant audience gathered there on the initial night.

Helen Barry was the star.

The adaptation, "A Woman's Stratagem," was the piece.

Frank Mordaunt, Charles Glenney, J. M. Colville, played the prominent parts.

It was a light comedy, heavily and explosively acted.

Helen Barry, who used to be a tobaccoist's wife in London over a decade ago and drifted into burlesque, is tall, but not great, heavy, but not, as some of her countrymen would say, hartist.

She made a bold bluff at acting, such as a buxom barmaid might make.

She dressed well, smiled sweetly and tried her level best to please the public.

The scenery and furniture around her are of the modern and realistic attractiveness. Mr. Hill is to be congratulated on his new house. It is the most attractive, most cheery amusement resort in town.

Of course Mr. Hopkins was at the gate, affable and alert.

And did you ever miss Mr. Duncan at the Union Square first night, or any other night, fire or no fire?

As I came out, we were speaking of actors who get stuck on their lines, and Percy Hunting told me the following yarn:

"About ten years ago they played 'Macbeth' at the California Theatre, San Francisco. Mrs. Bowers, Barton Hill, Tom Keene were in the cast. Barton Hill tackled *Macbeth*, and was shaky in his lines. One night he was extra-dinarily so; when he came to the lines

"And to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow creeps in this petty pace,"

he stuck. He repeated "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow" six, seven times.

Finally the prompter helped him out. When Hill came off, Tom Keene, who was standing in the wings and had listened to his "to-morrows," went up and said to him, sarcastically, "Well, Hill, you stayed away a week, didn't you? Hill and Keene weren't good friends."

I saw Coquelin on the front platform of a street car the other morning. He was seemingly much amused by the talk between a plumber boy and a

coon, and tried hard to catch the meaning of their slang.

I also witnessed Coquelin as *Figaro* the other night.

He invests the versatile barber with all the cuteness, roguery, shrewdness, wit given him by his brilliant author.

This barber, *Figaro*, is ready to do anything, especially talk. He says bright things. He manages love intrigues. He likes the girls. He has a fondness for tricks. He can sing a good song. He can dance a catchy dance, and he is, withal, as sharp as one of his razors.

Since the day Beaumarchais introduced *Figaro* to a barber-shop-frequenting world, the knights of the scissors and lather have often been shaved on the stage boards.

You remember the barber in "Adonis," in "Soap Bubble," in "Toy Pistol," in "Barber's Scrap," in "Zig Zag," in "Cheek 44," in "Mulligan Guards," and in "Aphrodite."

Exaggerated caricatures these, but funny.

I sat in the barber's chair the other day.

"He's so bald," said my artistic tonsorial friend

Robell, speaking of that inveterate chaser of chorine girls, Van Bunt.

"He's so bald that he can have his hair cut without taking off his hat!"

And now they've finally taken "A Plug Hat" as a subject for a farce comedy.

What next?

Lester and Allen and Edwin French are going to try that "Plug Hat" on the head of the public next season. I hope it will be found to fit.

Softly has been relapsing into poetry again.

It's bad, but it goes:

Between the acts, upon the stage,

The idle Thespians engage

In games of poker without end,

The while the heroine doth mend

Her ballroom gown of musty age.

The stage director, in a rage,

Doth war upon the "supers" wage,

Because the scrappy limbs offend—

Between the acts.

The swell, emotion to assuage,

Doth suck his cane in manner sage.

While men go out "to see a friend,"

Their wives, the interim to spend,

Peruse the programme—every page,

Between the acts.

George Moore is not the only writer in England who goes for the actors nowadays. I find in the *St. James Gazette* some plain truths about the average actor, concluding as follows: "The actor in a good social posi-

tion might have many accomplishments. The marvel is that he has so few. He may ride, box or fence in the morning, lounge in the afternoon, and work all the evening; but all this is done, and less mechanically done, by men whose faculties are not constantly stimulated by the genius of the drama. Without being an Admirable Crichton, the actor might do something better than circulate a good story or imitate a comrade. He might acquire a little more general information than can be picked out of theatrical newspapers. He might discover that the world is not bounded on the north by the footlights, on the south by the box office, and on the east and west by 'press opinions' of his performances."

What scandal the girls do whisper to one another in the dressing rooms. And they don't whisper it either. There is some pretty loud and tough talk there, and yarns such as men retail over coffee and cigars are told with feminine giggles and hysterical slaps on the knee.

"Everybody in the business seems to be sick nowadays," said Millie to Max.

"Everybody seems to be sufferin' with nervous pro-s-pro-s."

And Max kindly helped her out with the word, "Prostration, dear."

ROSEN.

HOW JOHN L. SULLIVAN IS TRAINING.

In regard to John L. Sullivan's *modus operandi* of training we find the following in the New York Herald March 31:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 30, 1889.—John L. Sullivan, very drunk and wearing a two-days' beard and a battered plug hat, has been doing the town all the morning with a following of local and out-of-town sports and an army of hoodlums. The latter got a good show free of charge.

Here are some more newspaper squibs concerning the great (?) pugilist:

PROVIDENCE, March 30.—John L. Sullivan, of Boston, very drunk, wearing a two days' beard and a battered plug hat, has been doing the town all the morning with a following of local and out-of-town sports and an army of hoodlums.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 30.—As soon as the crowd, of sports returned from the Ashton-Lannon fight this morning, John L. Sullivan began to drink. He soon became intoxicated, and has been howling around town, followed by a gang of hoodlums all the afternoon. His hat is a sight.—*N. Y. World.*

The ways of Providence are mysterious. John L. Sullivan and Joe Lannon got lost in a swamp yesterday on their way to the latter's prize fight with Ashton. What a blessing it would have been to a long-suffering public if the relief party had neglected to hunt them up!—*N. Y. Star.*

Judging from the above, Sullivan is adopting a curious way of training to meet Kilrain on July 8 for \$30,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world, and we are sorry for it.

WENT MAD OVER MONEY.

In September last a Mr. Fisher, then living in St. Cloud, Minn., concluded to remove to Oregon. He accordingly sold his farm, receiving therefor \$3,700. Thinking he might be robbed of this money en route he placed it in charge of his daughter Theresa. The girl took \$300 and sewed it up in a quilt; \$1,500 she put into a lard pail, covering it up with lard, and placed it, together with some other baggage, into a car. From the balance she paid for the tickets for herself, father and mother and kept the remainder on her person. The day before arriving at their destination she lost her reason from fretting over the safety of the money.

She offered small sums from what she had on her person to passengers on the train whom she supposed wanted to rob her, but, imagining that they were not still satisfied, and wanted to kill her for the balance of the money intrusted to her care by her father, she finally jumped from the fast moving train near Pascoe, W. T., nearly killing herself by the fall. She was picked up, and on being found insane, was confined in the Stellacom asylum.

In the latter part of January she somehow managed to escape, and was only recaptured about a week ago and returned to the asylum. During her freedom she dressed in male attire, and in the daytime wandered through the country. At night she would sleep in the woods, under bridges and remote places, in order to avoid arrest. The quilt and lard pail containing the entire possessions of the Fisher family have been lost, and they are entirely destitute. The mother has since died from grief over the heavy misfortune. The family is well connected here, and a sister of the young lady is a nun at Portland, Ore.

"I WANT YOU."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Police Captain McNulty, of the Sixth Precinct, Jersey City, N. J., made a raid on Mrs. Pohlman's concert hall, in that city, on Sunday evening last. A band of ten pieces was playing "Robin Adair" when the captain touched the fair proprietress on the shoulder and whispered, "I want you." It was the first time in a year that there had been beer and music at one time in the same hall on Sunday in Jersey City. Formerly Pohlman's had had music every Sunday, and crowds went from this city to spend Sunday afternoon there, but the passage of the Republican Local Option Sunday Closing bill stopped it all. The Democrats in the Legislature last week passed the Werts bill and repealed the Republican law.

DANIEL J. MAGUINESS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Handsome Dan" Maguinness, for many years a familiar figure in Boston's theatrical history, is no more. Beginning life as a stage carpenter, he climbed the ladder of fame and finally became a comedian of renown. His loss will be regretted by old-timers in the profession as well as by thousands of theatre goers.

SHE WAS FOND OF THE WEED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Justice Walsh, in Brooklyn, last week, sent Grace Madden, a pretty girl of eighteen years, to jail for ten days on a charge of lounching. She was arrested on Sunday night while parading Atlantic avenue, puffing cigarette smoke into the faces of passers-by.

If you wish to keep posted on what is going on in the sporting and sensational world you must buy the POLICE GAZETTE every week.

BOOMS!

OKLAHOMA AND OTHERWISE.

The Captivating Housekeeper
and the Fascinating
Secretary.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF DIVORCE.

Heroines on Horseback—A Midnight
Marauder—Ridingmaster Mashers
and Street car Heartbreakers.

JACK SHEPARD IN PETTICOATS.

This is an age of booms. We have them all over the country, and in all shapes, varieties and styles, excepting in business. The business boom has not come along yet, but the political boom is here; so is the society boom, the centennial ball boom, the spring



BREAK AWAY!

fashions boom and the boom in divorces. There has never been such an epidemic of matrimonial unhappiness before the courts in this country as now engrosses their attention.

Among the more interesting actions is a divorce case before a referee in this city, which would give the daily papers a fat morsel to turn under their tongues if its details could be got at for publication. But the astounding influence of the principal parties is such that it has been kept so quiet that no mention of it has leaked out to the scurrilous and impertinent press. The hearings are held with closed doors, all hands are sworn to the deepest secrecy, and if the lady in the case had not done some talking to one of her dearest and most trusted friends all would no doubt be well. But there's the rub.

A. was a merchant in this city. He had a cashier, named, we will say, B. A. was a young bachelor. B. was an elderly man with a well grown up daughter. One day A. discovered that B. had been dipping into his cash, and he threatened to have him arrested. B. pleaded guilty, and sent his pretty daughter to beg off for him.

Miss B. sought the merchant in his bachelor home



THE COACHMAN BORROWS HIS EAR.

uptown. On her knees she pleaded for her erring parent. The merchant was touched. He forgave him and married his daughter.

Then the fun began. Whenever there was a family row, Mr. A. would throw up to Mrs. A. the fact that her father was a thief. He made this an excuse for all sorts of irregularities and uncongenial indulgences, and his wife had to grin and bear it. But one day, when he introduced, under the thin disguise of a housekeeper, a lady of more beauty than modesty, with whom he had contracted a connection, Mrs. A.'s patience gave out.

"Either that woman leaves the house," said she, "or I do."

"Then the sooner you pack up the better," responded her husband. "Mrs. C., go up and help Mrs. A. pack her trunks."

The new housekeeper dutifully professed her willingness to execute this order, but Mrs. A. declined to avail herself of it. Then the battle began. Mrs. A. emerged from it victorious. The housekeeper had to be removed on a shutter.

Mrs. A., after having thus asserted herself, removed her belongings and commenced an action for divorce. Her husband defended it on the ground legally known as a "general denial." He set up, furthermore, incompatibility of temper, and the fact that his wife snored and had cold feet. Of course Mrs. A. denies these base charges, and the referee is now having hopes of fun investigating them for himself—behind closed doors.

Another fashionable family row is that which involves an aged, retired banker, who has a young, handsome and gay wife—his third or fourth. He married her for her beauty. She married him for his money. And now each, by all appearances, has had quite enough of it.

The cause for dissension in this case is the banker's



GU-LING OKLAHOMA BOOMERS.

secretary. The banker's secretary is a very fascinating man. He is also young and handsome. The banker's wife, like Potiphar's of old, viewed him with eyes of burning favor, and, unlike the virtuous Joseph, he did not scorn her.

While the husband was laid up at home with gout and lumbago and a dozen other ills to which old bodies are liable, the wife and the secretary enjoyed their drives in the park, their promenades on the avenue, their tea parties, matinees, lunches at Delmonico's and the rest to the top of their bent. All went well until they became so reckless that even the servants became suspicious, when the coachman, who drove them so often along the flowery road of illicit love, breathed his suspicions in the invalided husband's ear.

There is no question as to the husband's obtaining a divorce in this case. In fact, the wife has not ventured to interpose a defence. It is merely a dispute now as to how much money shall be allowed her for permitting the case to be settled without publicity.

The secretary is out of a place, of course, but he doesn't seem to mind it much. Probably he knows which side his bread is buttered on.

There is nothing like a boom, if you only start in in the right place. Oklahoma seems to be about the most correct place for the starting of a boom in nowadays. To be sure, the Oklahoma boom was launched some years ago. But it never became a real boom, with a big B, till the promised land was thrown open to the colonists. The Oklahoma boomers were an enterprising crowd. This much has always been conceded. It is worth noting, however, that the most enter-



"GOOD GOD! IT'S A WOMAN!"

prising among them were numbers of the sex all men adore. The first boomers to cross the line into Indian Territory were women.

And pretty women at that. They rode side by side at the head of the caravan. Each wore her suit of buckskins and bestrode her Mustang like a little man. And, if it had come to a fight, the chances are that the two van leaders of the boomers would have been about as tough a party to tackle as any man with a flush of revolvers and bowie knives would have hankered for.

And yet there are ladies in this enlightened and enterprising republic who complain that their sex has no rights. If woman's right to lead an army and conquer a new country means nothing, of course they are correct.

While the Oklahoma boom has been rising on the high tide of success, the Lower California boom has been settling. The gold hunters in that locality are reported to be sadly disappointed and sorely disgusted, and, all things considered, no one can blame them.

It is pretty rough to make a long journey in search of gold and find only sand and stones. But one must take the fat with the lean, and vice versa, in this vale of tears. The Lower California boomers are at the present time getting an overdose of the vice versa.



"GIVE UP OR GO UP!"

One dramatic episode is related from the diggings in question.

The miners lived in camps, near the claims they had secured or were developing, and, such is the primitive morality of these rude communities, that, although the camps were filled with nuggets and gold dust, such a thing as robbery was unknown for some time.

Elegant Cabinet Photographs of all the celebrated actresses of the American and European stage. Only 10 cents each. Send orders to this office.

Then, all of a sudden, an epidemic of theft broke out in the camps.

Miners were robbed while they lay asleep in their tents. Their tents were plundered while they were at work. And in spite of all suspicions and investigations the authorship of these crimes rested unrevealed. One night one of the prospectors lay asleep in his tent, when an unusual noise aroused him. He rolled over and listened.

The noise was repeated. Someone was crawling in under the flap of the tent.

Noiselessly in the darkness the adventurer reached for his revolver. There was a moment of dead silence. Then the noise was repeated. The crack of a revolver followed, and was succeeded by a piercing scream.

"Good God!" cried the prospector, jumping up. "It's a woman!"

And so it was.

She was a young Mexican, who had become known about the camp as the mistress of the Mexican butcher who supplied the miners with meat. In her lover's cabin was found several thousands of dollars' worth of gold dust and nuggets, and it was evident that he had shared in the profits of her rascality without dividing its perils with her. The girl was dead, but the miners got even with the butcher.

They hung him on the same post that he used to string the carcasses of his bullocks up on when he cut them up. Since then there have been no robberies in the camps.

Female Jack Shepards are not confined to California. One of them has just been pulled up in Kansas City.

She is a decidedly pretty and very athletic girl, whose pet prey was commercial travelers. Com-



A MASH ON HORSEBACK.

mercial travelers are, as is well known, festive souls, who are at times inclined to slop over. Dutch Lena, as this feminine desperado is called, used to watch till they slopped over and then jump in and claim them for her own.

She is believed to have held up a score of men a month for nearly a year past. Her method was simple and effective. She would watch for her victim in a quiet street, and as he came staggering and hiccoughing along would say:

"Good evening, darling."

Of course he would stop to see all about it. In a minute more he would be covered with a revolver and would hear a dangerous voice remark:

"Give up or go up!"

He would give up every time. Who wouldn't have done so, under the circumstances, I should like to know.

The matinee actor used to be the champion masher in New York, but just now riding master stock appears to be booming in this direction, and by all accounts it is away up in G, too.

Within six weeks as many riding masters have been



A MASH ON WHEELS.

more or less before the public on account of their amatory practices, and in every case they have had things their own way.

One week it was a millionaire's daughter who fell in love with her riding master in a fashionable academy.

Another week it was a frisky young matron who got so badly stuck on the ringmaster at her equitation academy that her husband had to take her off to Europe to break the sinister spell.

The latest is the case of a wealthy widow, who surrendered to one of these horseback Adonises and let him have a lot of her money to invest—which he of course invested where it would do him the most good.

What the charm is in these gentry has not yet been explained, but they certainly have the call so far on Bob Hilliard and E. Berry Wall.

What the ridingmaster is to New York, the street car conductor seems to be to Philadelphia. At least he appears to do more mashing in that staid and sober town than any other special class in the community.

Scarcely a day passes in the Quaker City without bringing the news that some street car conductor is in a sentimental scrape, and it is commonly with a woman who has plenty of money, however deficient she may be in brains.

But Philadelphia is a queer town, anyhow, and strange things happen to you there when you haven't got your gun with you.

HI FLYER.

DANIEL J. CAMPAU.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Daniel J. Campau, collector of customs of the Port of Detroit, Mich., and president of the Detroit Driving Park Association, was born in Detroit in 1862, and comes of one of the oldest and best-known families in the city. Mr. Campau studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1875. Always an admirer and owner of good horseflesh, Mr. Campau has done more than any one man to elevate turf sport in Michigan. By his efforts the Detroit Driving Club was organized in 1884, and, as its chief executive officer ever since, he has brought it to its present excellent and reputable standard, as prior to the time mentioned, racing in Detroit had an unenviable reputation.

Mr. Campau purchased the *Horseman* in July, 1887, and by his energy has made it the foremost in turf journalism in this country. In fact, the gentleman's indomitable pluck, energy and perseverance have enabled him to make a success of anything and everything he has thus far undertaken.

FATAL LIAISON WITH ANOTHER'S WIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Paul Nowland was shot and killed by John J. Clements at Cincinnati, O., recently, in consequence of a liaison between Nowland and Clements' wife, whom he became acquainted with not long ago in a wine room. Clements, on returning home at night from work, found Nowland on the premises and shot him, supposing at first he was a burglar. Mrs. Clements, however, subsequently confessed that she knew of Nowland's presence in the house, and also that he was skulking away to avoid meeting her husband when the latter arrived and the tragedy took place. Nowland is well known in Cincinnati, being a prominent member of the Typographical Union and an active ward politician.

TOOK THEIR CASE OUT OF COURT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A peculiar fistic engagement took place at Hoxie, Kan., while the trial of a petit larceny case was in progress before a well-known Justice of the Peace of that town recently. J. L. Patterson and William Langley, two lawyers interested in the case, became involved in a dispute over their relative fighting powers, and by advice of the Court adjourned to a large hall to have it out in true pugilistic style. They stripped to their undershirts, and, with the Justice as referee, squared off at each other in regular pugilistic style. Suddenly Patterson's right shot out, and a moment later Langley was sprawling on the floor. This unnerved the doughty lawyer, and, picking up his things, he left the court room.

HOW SHE GOT REVENGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Ellis Ager, a wealthy young dry goods merchant of Hazelton, Ind., was terribly thrashed with a black snake whip by Miss Sallie Burnett. It is alleged that Mr. Ager had tampered with the girl's affections. To get revenge she secured a whip and waited for him as he came out of church. Suddenly she sprang upon him and applied the lash vigorously. She claimed that she did it in defense of her character. The above story is vouched for by the *Chicago Herald* of March 18.

MISS CLARA TERRY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We present to our million or more readers this week the attractive physiognomy of Miss Clara Terry, one of the most charming and graceful burlesquers that have ever ornamented the American stage. Miss Terry is now a conspicuous attraction in one of Mr. M. B. Leavitt's variety combinations, under the management of Mr. H. W. Semon. Although this is her first appearance on the variety stage, she is making a decided hit, and we predict for her a brilliant future.

BENJAMIN W. ROSCOE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Syracuse, N. Y., political circles are agog with excitement over the alleged deal between Alderman Seager, a Republican, and his Democratic brethren in the Board, by which Benjamin W. Roscoe, a Democrat, was appointed City Treasurer. There are six Republicans and five Democrats in the Board, and Seager's vote decided in favor of Roscoe. Rumors of boodle are rife. Roscoe was indicted last week and is out on bail, and the Grand Jury is still investigating.

KNOCKED SENSELESS WITH A BRICK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Annie Lancaster, a weaver employed in the Pocasset Mills, was assaulted on South Main street, Fall River, Mass., on Monday morning as she was going to work. An unknown man, supposed to be a striker, hurled a brick at her, knocking her senseless. He then escaped down an alley and has not been captured. The woman was taken to her home.

BLACK BART.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Black Bart," the famous gentleman highwayman, who was recently sentenced to six years imprisonment in San Quentin by the Butte City (Montana) court, is one of the most notorious criminals in the West. As a train and stage robber he was unexcelled and for years he has kept the Pacific Railroad authorities and train hands in a lively state of excitement.

MADE TO EARN THEIR GRUB.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

What is called the Charity Woodyard is a flourishing institution of Providence, R. I., which is becoming a wholesome place for tramps and loafers. Here they are taught the use of the saw and axe, and it frequently happens that the yard is filled with vagrants hard at work earning a night's lodging or a meal of victuals.

E. M. EAGAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Chief of Police Anton Huebler, of St. Louis, Mo., is rubbing his hands gleefully over the capture by the police in that city of E. M. Eagan, alias Wheatley, alias Wallace, who was wanted for safe breaking. The alleged crackman's portrait appears in another column.

Estimates given on fitting up complete gymnasia. For further particulars write Richard E. Fox, Franklin Square, New York, enclosing two-cent stamp.



BERNARD DYLLYN,
FAMOUS "DESCRIPTIVE BARITONE" AND CHARACTER ACTOR WITH MONROE AND RICE.



MISS CLARA TERRY,
A CHARMING AND GRACEFUL BURLESQUER, ONE OF M. B. LEAVITT'S VARIETY STARS.



WHIPPED OUT OF TOWN.
THE ALLEGED PUNISHMENT THAT A GALLANT SEWING MACHINE AGENT GOT AT ANDERSON, IND., FOR INSULTING THE FAIR SEX.



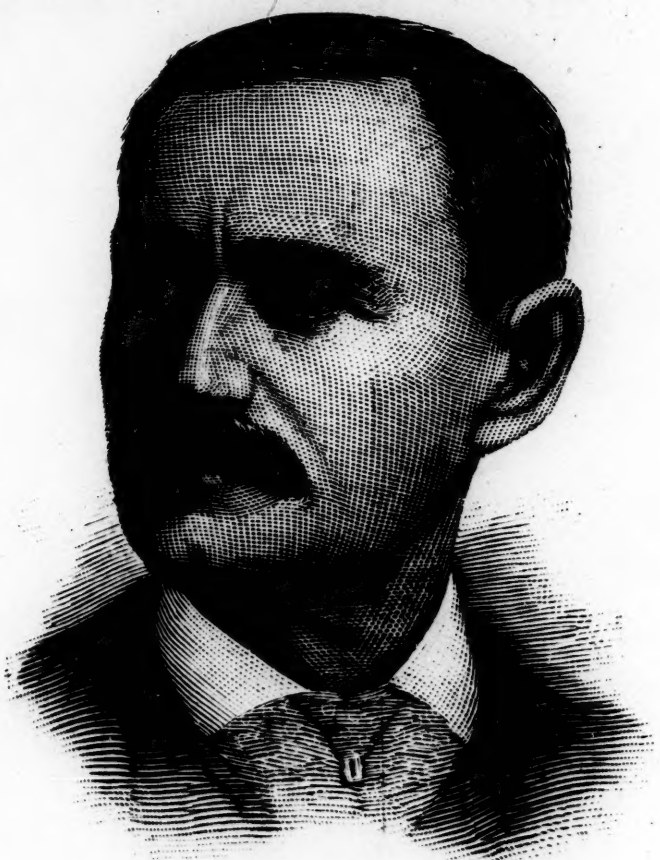
DESPERATE ACT OF A THIEF.
A RUFFIAN ATTACKS MRS. DAVID WILSON OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN., AND ATTEMPTS TO ROB HER ON A CROWDED STREET.



DANIEL J. CAMPAU,
THE FAMOUS HORSEMAN, AND PRESIDENT OF THE DETROIT DRIVING PARK ASSOCIATION OF DETROIT, MICH.



JOSEPH WALSH,
A PROMINENT LEADER AND WORKER IN "THE HUB'S" IRISH BENEVOLENT AND CHARITABLE SOCIETIES.



DANIEL J. MCGUINNESS,
WELL-KNOWN SPORTING MAN, AND PROMINENT FIGURE IN BOSTON'S THEATRICAL CIRCLES, LATELY DECEASED.



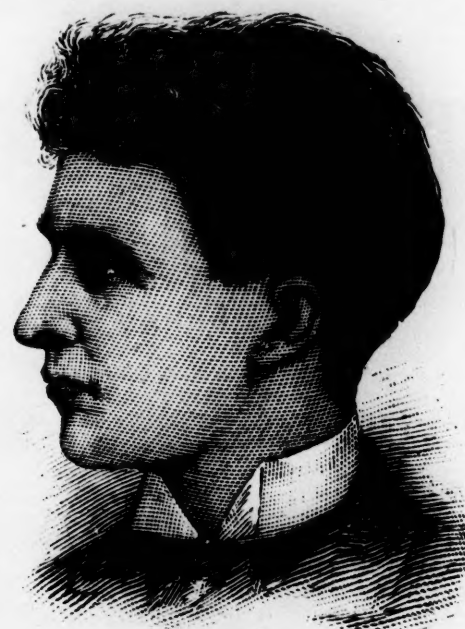
J. M. AUBREY, SR.



MRS. AUBREY.

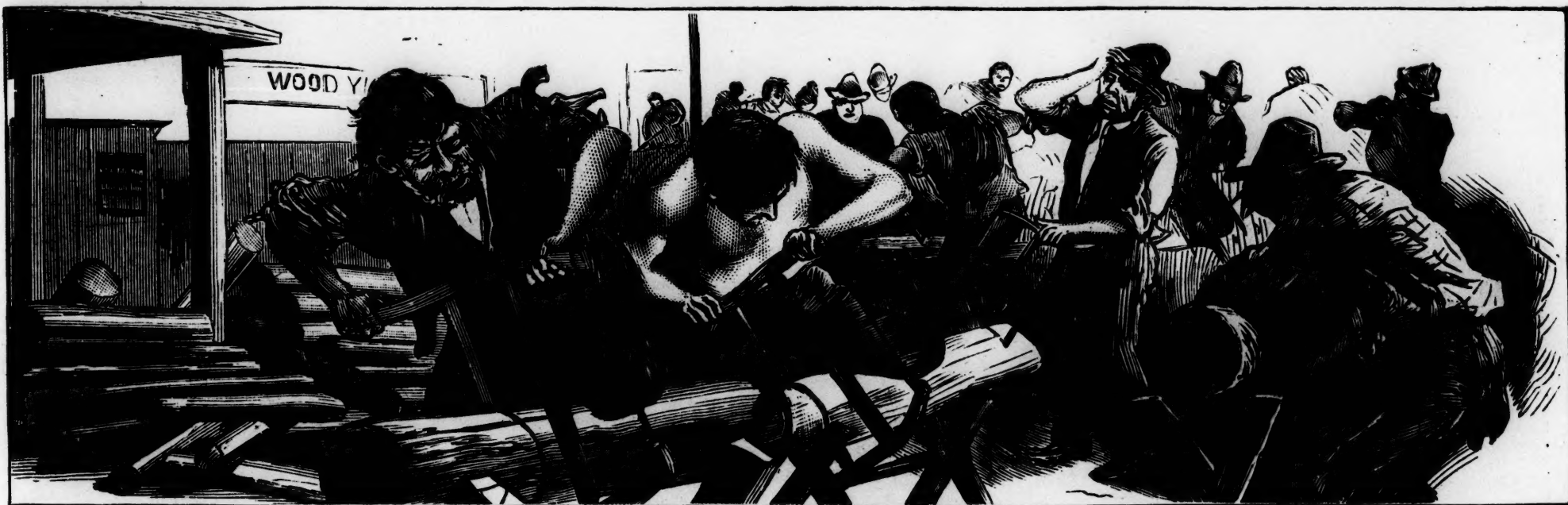


PAULINE C. FULLER.



J. MATT AUBREY, JR.

PRINCIPALS IN THE CELEBRATED AUBREY-FULLER ELOPEMENT CASE, AND THE PARENTS OF THE BRIDEGROOM.



MADE TO EARN THEIR GRUB.

SCENE IN THE CHARITY WOODYARD AT PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, WHERE TRAMPS HAVE GOT TO WORK OR "GIT."



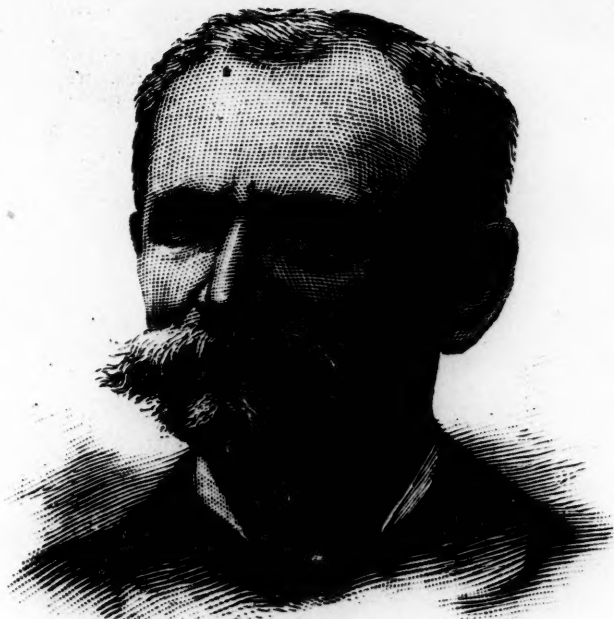
HOW SHE GOT REVENGE.

THE CHASTISEMENT PRETTY MISS BURNETT GAVE MASHER ELLIS AGER AT VINCENNES, IND., FOR TRIFLING WITH HER AFFECTIONS.



TOOK THEIR CASE OUT OF COURT.

HOW J. L. PATTERSON AND WILLIAM LANGLEY, TWO PUGILISTIC LAWYERS AT HOXIE, KANSAS, SETTLED A CASE AT LAW.



"BLACK BART,"

THE "GENTLEMAN" HIGHWAYMAN, RECENTLY SENTENCED TO SIX YEARS IMPRISONMENT IN BUTTE CITY, MONTANA.



E. M. EAGAN,

ALIAS WHEATLEY, ALIAS WALLACE, ARRESTED IN ST. LOUIS, MO., ON A CHARGE OF SAFE-BREAKING.



BENJAMIN W. ROSCOE,

POLITICIAN, ONE OF THE PRINCIPALS WHO HAS BEEN INDICTED FOR POLITICAL BRIBERY IN SYRACUSE, N. Y.

VERY BILLOWY.

The Fitful Experience of
the Pretty Minnora
Coney.

COUNTERSUITS FOR DIVORCE

Young Coney Accuses His Wife of
Infidelity and She Gets
Back at Him.

A SPICY JERSEY CITY CASE.

Minnora Coney, nee Billow, a frivolous brune, was borne on the incoming tide of good or bad fortune into this troublous world just about eighteen or so summers ago. The billows landed her high and dry in Renova, Pa., where, with the aid of the village cow and other means of infantile subsistence, she grew into a



MRS. CONEY.

buxom maiden, pleasing to the eye and well regulated as to manners. She was as dainty a maiden as ever made an admirer's heart palpitate and fracture his suspender buttons. There was nothing wicked about Minnora, but when she glanced under her bewitching lashes at the village swain her pa's night-watchdog had plenty

of business on hand. Warren M. Coney dwelt over in Williamsport, just a good crows-country run for a human hare with an inhuman hound behind him endeavoring to obtain crazy patchwork samples from his wardrobe. From his experience with the Billowy bulldog he accumulated rapid transit ideas, and he finally became an employee of the Wagner Palace Car Company.

William A. Harney is the son and partner of his father in the real estate business at Grove and York streets, Jersey City. Young Mr. Harney has charge of most of his father's business, and has the points of deeds, and bonds, and mortgages, and leases, and rents, and top-story fronts, and first-story

rears, and houses, apartments and flats at his tongue and finger ends. So much for the dramatic personae; now for play. Ring up the curtain.

Miss Minnora, four short years ago—in April, too—broke her faith with Lent and meandered with a party of gushing girls and brawny boys over into Williamsport, where there was going to be a hugging bee, alias a ball. Minnora was the belle of the ball. Coy, yet innocent, she was just bursting with voluptuousness



AT THE HUGGING BEE.

from bangs to bottines, and when the young man who is named for the famous seaside resort first saw her his bosom swelled until he resembled the noted dime museum strap-burster. She went, and she came, and when the party finally broke up Minnora and Warren were in the same condition. They had promised to be each other's for life, if a trace bursted.

On the day after, April Fool's Day, 1886, they were married, and then they came to Jersey City to live. They took up their residence in a high-toned boarding house on Grand street. Notwithstanding the fact that nothing less than a whole bang counted in that house, while in more plebeian places the boarder who drew a single hair in his plate of butter put on airs, the pretty Minnora's blood was too rich for divided attentions such as a hurried landlady is perforce compelled to squander on a multitudinous family. She desired more select apartments, and her husband told her to rustle around town and tap the real estate bulletin.

Sad fate! One day, as the story goes, she accompanied her pretty smile and enticing manner into the Harney real estate office. Young Mr. Harney had his feet on the desk and was hiding behind them, which gave the office, for all the world, the look of a hide and leather store.

She smiled. He did, too. Then she smiled again. He had another smile with him and he squandered it.

"Had they any houses for rent?"

They had, and if there was any house in J. C. too good for the bewildering little lady it hadn't stood up to

be counted when young Mr. Harney was making out his census-sheets.

This was a purely business matter, and, aside from enjoying man's undisputed privilege of silently admiring a pretty woman, that was all the connection



THEY MEET BY CHANCE (?)

young Mr. Harney ever had with the truly lovable Mrs. Coney—as he says.

However this may be, the lawful lord of Mrs. Coney thought differently. They took possession of the house No. 216 York street, which was in charge of Mr. Harney, and began housekeeping on a scale befitting the circumstances of a well-to-do young married couple. One day Mr. Coney received an anonymous letter informing him that his wife was unfaithful. His hair stood on end, but he did not believe it. He watched and, as he says, proved it. Then he left his pretty wife and began a suit for divorce. When the papers were served on Mrs. Coney her eyes spat fire. She began a counter-suit against her husband charging him with unfaithfulness, naming their pretty domestic, Gertrude McDowell, as co-respondent.

Last week the suit begun by the husband was called by Advisor Master Randolph. The revelations were



"IS THE RENT READY?"

spicy. Mrs. Coney appeared in court accompanied by her alleged paramour. They were evidently highly pleased at the testimony of the several witnesses. She was clad in a dark colored wrap that hid from view the neat-fitting brown cloth dress she wore. Her hat was jaunty and suggestive of taste. Frequently she and Harney conversed with Lawyer Newbold, who appeared as her counsel and sat beside her.

The testimony given by Gertrude McDowell was to the effect that Harney was a frequent visitor to the Coney home when the lord and master was absent; that, in fact, he called almost every day. She also declared she had seen Harney kiss and hug Mrs. Coney. Mrs. Harney was present when the testimony was given, and her black eyes sparkled and snapped. It appeared to be difficult for her to refrain from saying or doing something.

The servant, continuing, testified that Harney one day sent her to Mr. Samuel Annis, a hardware dealer, for \$200. She gave the money to Mrs. Coney, who left her home and went to Taylor's Hotel, where Harney joined her. The servant also testified that Harney and Mrs. Coney had visited many hotels in New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia. Gertrude always accom-



DID THE SERVANT SEE IT?

panied her mistress, and in each place, so she averred, Harney paid the bills. He also made Gertrude a present of \$100 for her services.

Among the letters read was one from Mrs. Coney, which begged Mrs. Merritt, of 233 East 125th street, this city, to tell her husband (Coney) that she was there the day before Christmas should he make an inquiry.

Some should be without a collection of our elegant cabinet photographs of all the pugilists, athletes and actresses. They only cost 10 cents each.

When Mrs. Harney left the court room she murmured to a friend: "That settles it; I have learned enough to convince me, and shall begin a suit for separation."

It was said in the chambers that because of information furnished Coney by Mrs. Harney he bought a pistol some time ago and went in search of Harney.

It is said that Mr. Coney will begin a civil suit for damages for \$20,000 against Harney. Harney talks about beginning a suit for defamation of character against Coney.

The case is still exciting the risibilities of Jersey City residents as we go to press.

GUSHINGLY GIDDY WIDOW WAKEFIELD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Frank E. Pearson, one of the heroes in a highly sensational comedy-tragedy, was convicted on Thursday last in the Court of General Sessions, this city, of having misappropriated \$500, the property of Mrs. Wakefield, the widow of Cyrus W. Wakefield, formerly a prominent Massachusetts and New York business man. Mr. Wakefield was extremely wealthy, but the kittenish Mrs. Wakefield fell in love with Pearson, who was a Bostonese riding master. Mr. Wakefield finally tumbled and obtained a divorce from his wife, and she and Pearson came to this city together, notwithstanding the fact that Pearson has a wife and three children in the land of the living, and that Mrs. Wakefield left a pretty and lovable daughter behind her. While the loving pair were here enjoying themselves, Mr. Wakefield died suddenly in his sleigh, while riding from the railroad station to his home in Wakefield, Mass., and when his will was probated it was ascertained that he had totally ignored his faithless wife. In September last, while the runaway pair were living together, the mature but gushingly giddy widow gave Pearson \$500 with which to pay the interest on a mortgage on some property, and, as alleged, he spent it on himself. The two quarreled about it and she had him yanked before the blind-eyed goddess, with the result above recorded. Mrs. Wakefield is rather mature to be frivolous, but always signed her letters to Pearson "Girley."

BERNARD DYLYN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Bernard Dyllyn, known as the "descriptive baritone," and considered one of the best drawing cards of all farce-comedy singers, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. When but a boy he became a ballad singer, and made his first appearance before the public in San Francisco. Stories of his remarkable voice and phenomenal range of tone attracted the attention of Eastern managers, and he thereupon began a tour of the country, which lasted nine years. Monroe & Rice have just secured the famed baritone's services for the coming season, having won him over seven managerial competitors who were anxious to make dates with him. He, together with Manager Robert B. Monroe, will start for London shortly for the purpose of having several new songs written for "Aunt Bridget," in which Mr. Dyllyn will take the leading part next season.

HE BEHAVED IMPROPERLY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Helen Gierney, a young Scotch girl, went out driving last Sunday evening with William Redmond, at New Brunswick, N. J. She says that while they were on George's road, a mile from that city, he began to behave improperly. She sprang from the wagon, and, taking off her shoes to deaden her footsteps, fled in the darkness to a farm house, where she stayed until she recovered from her fright. She was then sent to her boarding house. When she reached there she found Redmond, who tried to explain matters, but she refused to talk to him. He denies the story, and says that the girl drank some beer and then suddenly began to act queerly.

THE AUBREY-FULLER ELOPEMENT SENSATION.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Portraits appear on another page of those most deeply interested in the quiet little nuptials which took place at the Kirby House, Milwaukee, a week ago, J. Matt Aubrey, Jr., and Miss Pauline Fuller being the contracting parties. What gave zest to the wedding and started Dame Rumor off on a visit to the neighbors was the fact that it was the happy termination of an elopement, and that the youthful bride and groom were highly connected, the former being the pretty daughter of Chief Justice Fuller of the United States Supreme Court, and the latter the son of J. Matt Aubrey, Sr., a prominent Chicago railroad man. They had met, fallen in love, and determined to fight life's battle side by side. Both have been forgiven by their parents on the promise that they will never do it again.

HUGGED THE HANDSOME TENOR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a stupendous tribute paid to handsome Siegfried Alvary at the Metropolitan Opera House, this city, a few days ago, when the season closed with a performance of "Rheingold." The incident illustrated shows to what an extent giddy New York society women will go to demonstrate their admiration for a theatrical or operatic star. One remarkable feature of the demonstration was the fact that among the crowd of some four hundred, chiefly ladies, gathered about the stage door after the opera was a band of enthusiastic young girls, probably his personal friends, who flung their arms about the tenor's neck and kissed him good-bye before he got into his carriage with his wife and ran alongside it around the corner, waving their handkerchiefs.

DESPERATE ACT OF A THIEF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. David Wilson, of Bridgeport, Conn., while out shopping last Saturday night, was seized and partly thrown from the sidewalk by a muffled man. The ruffian seized her satchel and tried to choke her. Her screams brought her husband to her assistance, but not in time to prevent the highway robber from escaping with the satchel. In the scuffle the satchel partly opened, and Mrs. Wilson's pocketbook, containing \$107, fell out.

A BLOODY ALABAMA FEUD.

The capture by revenue officers of an illicit distillery in Cleburne county, Ala., has resulted in a bloody feud between two of the most prominent families in that county. One battle has been fought, one man killed outright and another dangerously wounded. This is only the beginning, as both parties to the feud have hosts of friends and relatives, who will carry on the fighting. Green and William Coffield, well-to-do farmers

and merchants, were supposed to own an illicit still. The still was captured and destroyed by revenue officers.

It was rumored that George Brown, a neighbor of the Coffields, had led the officers on the raid. A few nights later Brown's barn and the outhouses, with all their contents, were burned to the ground. He publicly accused the Coffields of the crime, and they started to hunt him up. They met Brown in the road near his home, and, after talking the matter over a few minutes, the fight commenced. It is said the Coffields first opened fire on Brown. He returned the fire, killing Wm. Coffield and badly wounding Green Coffield. The Coffields are very popular and their friends have sworn vengeance against Brown, and a bloody local warfare is expected.

A REIGN OF TERROR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A thousand men, armed with Winchester rifles and Colt revolvers, are in the mountains of Knox and Harlan counties, Ky., and Claiborne county, Tenn., on account of the disputes between the Bowder-Turner factions and the many desperate deeds of bloodshed and violence which have resulted from the feud, which began several years ago, and has been the cause of no less than forty murders. Indeed, for several days early in the week the mountaineers in the vicinity of Stinking Creek, twelve miles from Barbourville, have been armed to the teeth. The inevitable came a few days ago, when a pitched battle was fought between the warring factions. It is said more than 500 shots were fired and a number of persons were wounded. A sheriff's posse was sent to arrest the rioters, but it was fired upon and driven back to Barbourville. It was then that Judge Cull himself headed a posse and made for the mountains. Another pitched battle resulted, but the officers, strong and well armed, got the better of it, and succeeded in arresting five of the desperadoes, among them two of the Messers and Galloway Carnes, a brother of the deputy sheriff of the county, but not without some bloodshed.

HE MENTIONED MARRIAGE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Clara Totten is the fair plaintiff in a \$100,000 breach of promise suit against a well-known New York city hotel manager, which was on trial in the Court of Common Pleas, this city, last week. Miss Totten says the first time the defendant mentioned marriage was at her mother's house, No. 62 West 100th street. She was sitting on the piazza crocheting and he was holding her yarn. "He asked me if I would marry him," she said on the witness stand. "I told him I was very much surprised, but that I would think of it. The following Sunday I went to his house. The Birdsalls, who were with me, left before I did, and Mr. Read started home with me at about 8 o'clock. We walked across lots and came to a fence, or rather bars, that we had to cross. He jumped over, and standing on the other side asked me to jump. I did so, and he caught me in his arms and pressed me close. I tried to draw away, but he said: 'You must not; you're going to be my little wife, aren't you?'"

WHIPPED OUT OF TOWN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Ten days ago, says a special to the Cincinnati Enquirer from Anderson, Ind., a young man giving his name as John Spottsford came to Pendleton and began canvassing for a quilting machine. He made himself so obnoxious to ladies that a number of prominent citizens escorted him to the Bee Line railroad and ran him through a gauntlet of switches a distance of one hundred yards.

MADE HIM SHELL OUT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

President David H. Moffat, of the First National Bank of Denver, Col., was held up on Friday in his bank office and compelled to pay a robber \$21,000. The robber, who escaped with the cash, threatened that if the money was not paid he would kill the president and blow up the building with nitro-glycerine, a bottle of which he had with him.

JOSEPH WALSH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The portrait of Mr. Joseph Walsh, a prominent leader of Boston's charitable societies, will be found on another page. Mr. Walsh was born in Dublin thirty six years ago, and has lived in Boston for the past fifteen years. He is a leader in the Hub's Irish society circles, and is a constant attendant where his philanthropic services are needed.

BARREN COUNTY NO LONGER BARREN.

Glasgow, the county seat of Barren county, struck rich in the February drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. One ticket holder drew a fraction of the \$100,000 prize; another drew a fraction of the \$50,000 prize, and several other ticket holders drew smaller prizes, all in the same month's drawing. It is frequently said that sudden windfalls or money drawn in lotteries never benefit the recipients. We do not know how this old adage operates elsewhere; but we do know for a certainty that it doesn't hold good in Robertson county. Her ticket holders have drawn, a total, in the neighborhood of \$35,000. One of the fortunate winners is now a prosperous farmer, owns his own right two valuable tracts of land which have upon them first-class improvements, both free of encumbrances, and he is also one of the principal stockholders of the Mt. Olivet Deposit bank. Prior to his investment of one dollar in a fractional ticket in the Louisiana State Lottery, he was a tenant and a poor man. Another is the owner of a stately and popular hotel building that ranks among the best hotels to be found in any city of the second class; he also owns an excellent farm, and richly enjoys the good things of this life. He likewise was a poor man previous to holding a lucky fractional ticket in the Louisiana State Lottery. Another beneficiary has speculated on the fruits of his good fortune in the same Lottery, and has added \$8,000 or \$10,000 to his worldly possessions in consequence. Another holder of a fractional ticket was enabled to purchase a small farm that supplies him abundantly with the staff of life in his declining years, while still another on two fractional tickets drew a sufficient amount to place him about want for quite a while. This item may seem high colored, but every word of it is the truth, as hundreds of people in Robertson will freely attest—Mt. Olivet, (Ky.) Tribune-Democrat, March 7th.

No sporting house or club should be without a framed collection of our elegant Cabinet Photographs. Only 10 cents each. Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

WHO IS CHAMPION?

Terrible Battle Between Ike Weir and Frank Murphy at Kouts, Ind.

FIVE HOURS IN THE RING.

They Fought Eighty Rounds, But No Result Was Attained.

THE FIGHT DECLARED OFF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

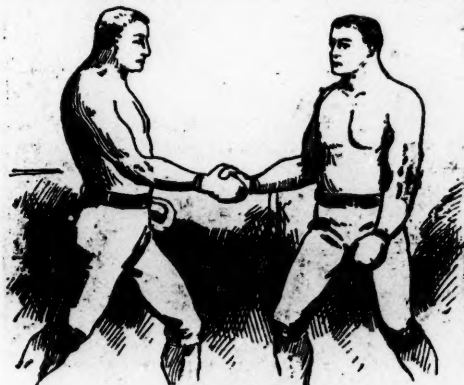
The great fistie battle between Frank Murphy, of England, and Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, with gloves, according to Richard K. Fox rules, for a purse of \$3,500 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt (held by Weir) representing the feather-weight championship of America, was decided under the management of Chas. E. Davies, better known as the Parson, at O'Brien's Opera House, Kouts, Indiana, on March 30 and 31.

Murphy was seconded by Mike Daly, of Bangor, Me., Capt. Billy Daly, Jr., of Boston, and Harry Gilmore, of Chicago. Weir was looked after by Ed McAvoy, of Boston, Bill Richards, and young Kelly, of Chicago. The referee was Billy Myers, of Streator. Dan Murphy and Matt Hogan were timekeepers.

When Weir sat down in his corner young Kelly planted a stand of American flags back of his chair. Ed McAvoy then offered to bet any part of \$1,000 that the Spider would win. He placed about \$400 of his money on even terms. It was 1:05 o'clock when the boys stripped and stepped into the ring. Both appeared in fine form. When they left the squared circle it was 6:30 o'clock, and neither could claim a victory.

The battle for eighteen rounds was one of the most terrific ever seen in this famous fighting ground. It consisted of tremendous slugging, pretty sparring and ring generalship. In all these points Weir led his opponent a hundredfold, but in pluck and endurance the Birmingham Sparrow was the equal of the terrible Spider.

After the twentieth round Weir adopted new tactics. Up to this time he had escaped a mark, while Murphy's face looked like an illuminated champagne cork. The lids of his eyes were coming down and blood was running in streams off his face. Weir danced and wiggled around the ring in the most grotesque manner. He was waiting for the Birmingham lad's eyes to close. Then he was going in to do his man. But Murphy's



SHAKING HANDS.

eyes knew better instead of worse. Then the Spider began to feel bad. He grew pale and his belchings indicated that there was something wrong with his stomach. The rounds went by without any demonstration by either man. Weir walked round the ring, while Murphy, with his puffed-up face, stood in the center in fighting attitude. The Spider had made his fight, and Murphy had got all he wanted of it. Both were sparring for some good fortune to come to them, and both had had quite enough of the other.

Weir's hands had gone back on him, too. The way he banged them against the hard head of the Englishman had swollen them so that he could scarcely double his fists. Murphy had a sore head, and he was afraid the Spider was playing possum. Thus the two men walked about the ring for nearly sixty rounds without a half dozen blows being struck on either side.

After the furious fighting of the first eighteen rounds the foot race and statuesque posing of the men in the next sixty rounds disgusted the spectators, and there were cries for a draw. Referee Myer was prevailed upon to postpone the finish of the fight until next Tuesday night, as under the articles of agreement there could be no draw. It is not thought probable, however, that the men will meet again. The gate money will be divided as usual, and the backers of the fighters will quit several hundred dollars ahead.

The first round was fought with great fury. When the two men threw up their guards Weir said: "Now I've got you where I have been wanting you."

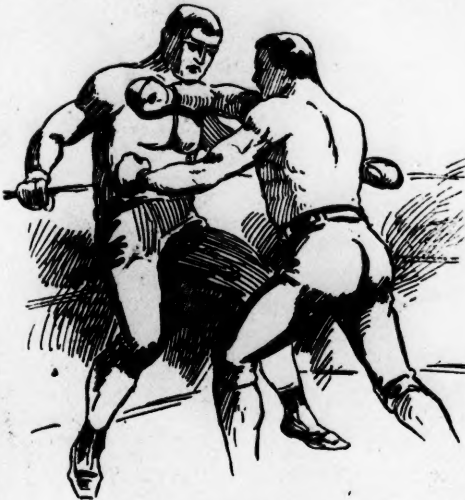
"Is that so?" exclaimed Murphy, with a sneer. His answer was a crashing blow in the neck. The Spider rolled his body like a contortionist and grinned. The crowd laughed. Then the Spider's right went out like a flash, and caught Murphy over the left eye. The blow opened an old wound, and a stream of blood ran down his face and chest. Weir still forcing the fighting, planted his right just above Murphy's heart, and he went down on his knees. First blood and first knock-down were awarded to Weir. When the round closed McAvoy offered to bet \$500 to \$250 on Weir.

The Spider opened the second round by again sending Murphy to his knees with a left-handed shot in the neck. Then he smashed the bleeding eye again and got a strong blow on the Englishman's wind. There was a rapid exchange of blows just as time was called, in which Weir got the best of it.

Weir came into the third round as fresh as a prairie daisy. He landed with his right on Murphy's face, and then planted his right squarely on the Englishman's forehead. Murphy came back with a slashing cut in the stomach, which made the Spider grunt and

blow. Weir kept on jabbing that left eye until the blood was streaming from two cuts, one upon the eyebrow and the other at the side. The Englishman was now covered with blood, and it looked as though the American champion would have him on his back in short order.

When Murphy came up for the fourth round he was bleeding from his eye, nose and mouth. He, however, was strong on his feet, and in his heart, and opened the fourth by getting in a good blow on the Spider's ribs. Weir danced away and grinned, then he rushed upon the bleeding Murphy and increased the hemorrhage by driving his right with terrific force into that bad left eye. Then Weir tapped Murphy's right eye with a short jab. The Englishman became furious. He be-



RUSHED AGAINST THE ROPES.

gan to do the leading, but his rushes were met by the chopping blows of the Spider, who seemed to land about wherever and whenever he pleased. The round closed with hard in-fighting.

The fifth round, like all of its predecessors, was all Weir. Before time was called Murphy made a rush, but was stopped by a swinging upper cut that made his teeth rattle. Weir kept chopping his man in the sixth, landing three times on the swollen eyes and once in the jaw. Then Murphy rushed the Spider to the ropes, but failed to get in an effective blow.

The Spider came up clean and flush in the seventh, but the Englishman was a sorry spectacle. Weir landed a terrific blow on Murphy's jaw in this round, and then by a succession of jabs reopened the wounds on the eyes. Murphy's blows were weak and far between. Just as time was called the Spider's right went out in a dead line and caught Murphy squarely on the left eye. When they came up for the eighth round Murphy's face was purple from the terrific beating it had received. Notwithstanding his pitiful condition, the lad, with rare pluck, forced the fighting and landed hard on Weir's forehead. For this blow Murphy caught three more facers and one rattling body punch.

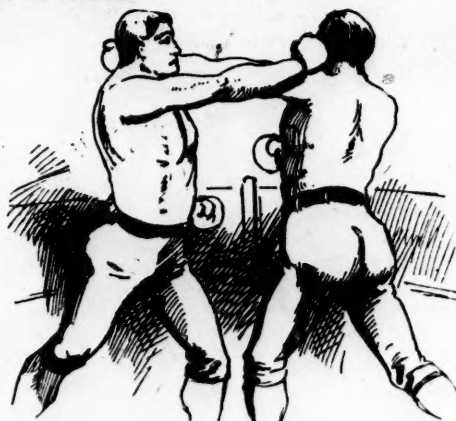
There was more sharp, furious fighting in the ninth, the counters and cross-counters being so clever that the crowd cheered wildly. The hard work was beginning to tell on both men, and they sparred for a moment for wind. Then Weir slapped the Englishman on the nose and on the left eye, and again the blood gushed from the wounds and stained both men.

The fighting outside the hall was now about as furious as that within. A pistol shot was fired, and then a shower of stones from the Indiana hoodlums sent the Pinkerton men racing up the stairs.

The tenth round was not noteworthy. Weir did all the heavy and effective work in the eleventh round, landing repeatedly on Murphy's face and escaping without punishment. He hit the swollen left eye again in the twelfth, and then informed Murphy that he would break his nose in the next round. The Englishman, however, kept right on sawing wood, and planted a sounder on Weir's left jaw.

Murphy seemed to be losing his strength in the thirteenth. But his remarkable vitality returned to him in the fourteenth. He rushed at Weir like an enraged bull, but the Spider rained his chopping blows and upper cuts on the pulpy, discolored face of the English champion until the latter's blood ran down to his collar. Almost blinded, and almost choked by the blood in his nose and mouth, Murphy continued to force the fighting, and with swinging blows smashed the Spider below the left eye and in the nose with such force that other blood came into the game. The crowd grew uproarious, and cheered the Englishman. Ferocious in-fighting followed the chopping blows of the Spider, enlarging the lumps on the face of his opponent and bringing the claret in great streams.

Murphy continued his rushing tactics in the fifteenth round. He seemed to feel that his only chance of winning the fight lay in a hammer-and-tongs fight before his eyes closed completely. He gave Weir a terrific blow in the forehead, but the Spider, not dazed by the shot, feinted, and then, driving his man to the east ropes, planted three short-arm blows squarely upon the old wounds.



A RATTLING ROUND.

Both men sparred for wind in the sixteenth round. The seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth rounds went by with no heavy work. In the twentieth round Weir smashed the left eye, but that was all. The twenty-first and twenty-second rounds were not noteworthy. In the twenty-third Weir again visited both eyes with chopping blows, and in the twenty-fourth he smashed the Englishman all around the ring, hitting him with his right and left and sending him to his knees in the center of the ring. Then the fighting ended.

Progressive poker is a great game. You can learn how to play it from the book upon the subject compiled and published by the POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

From the twenty-fifth until the forty-third round not a blow was struck. The Spider looked pale and distressed. Something was wrong with him. Then the cry went up that his hands were gone. Weir looked disconsolate and intensely sad. He nursed his hands and moved lazily about the ring. The Englishman was afraid of his wily opponent. His head was sore, too, and he did feel curious to find out if the Spider's hands were really gone or not. "Go at him, Murphy," yelled the crowd. "But I can't chase him, you know," replied Murphy, and thus the farce went on until the forty-fourth round, when Referee Myer ordered the men to put up their hands.

"Go in, Ike," yelled McAvoy, the Spider's backer. "I've brought you out here to fight and I want to see you fight, even if I lose every dollar in the world."

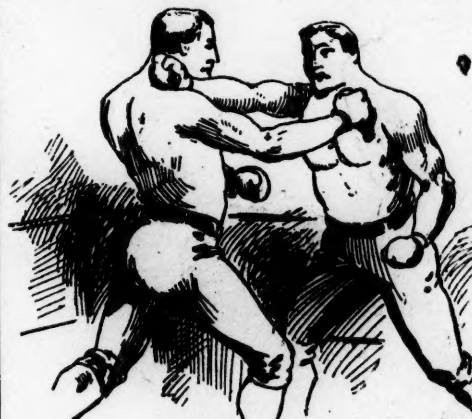
The crowd cheered, but the men did no fighting until the forty-fifth round, when there was another terrific encounter in which honors were even. There was no fighting in the forty-sixth, forty-seventh and forty-eighth rounds, but in the forty-ninth round Weir landed the Englishman in the face and caught a hot one in the stomach in return. From the fiftieth round until the sixty-first round not a blow was struck. The spectators began to hiss Weir, who refused to meet Murphy in the center of the ring. McAvoy then arose and said:

"I can't make him fight. His hands are gone." Weir choked and looked very pale. "I have nothing to defend myself with," he said in a thick voice. "I'm in the ring, ain't I? Why doesn't he knock me out and end it?"

Mike Daly, who was seconding Murphy, now motioned to his lad to go in and do the Spider, but Murphy had all he wanted, and refused to assume the aggressive. The farce was then kept up until, the sixty-sixth round, when, angered by the taunts of the crowd, Murphy went in to see how bad the Spider really was. He found out. The moment he made a rush the Spider's hands again came into play, and rattled upon the old wounds of the Birmingham Sparrow until the blood started afresh. Murphy got in his famous right hand on Weir's left jaw in this round and raised a lump as big as a doughnut.

The sixty-seventh was the repetition of the previous round, both men fighting with great fury and breaking even in the matter of blows. In the sixty-eighth round Weir began jabbing Murphy, and thus gave him a stinger in the jaw which staggered the Englishman against the ropes. He quickly recovered, however, and the round ended in a clinch.

From this time to the eightieth and final round not a blow was struck, both men playing for a postponement, which was given them when it became known that the sheriff was on his way from Valparaiso to stop



THE LAST ROUND.

the fight. The men fought for five hours and twenty-five minutes. Then they returned to Chicago with the sports.

Parson Davies said that if he could prevent it there would be no second meeting between Weir and Murphy. After the return of the fighters to Chicago it was ascertained that one of Murphy's ribs was broken. Weir, in addition to his injured hands, has a fracture of the jaw, though not a bad one. The Parson says that, under the circumstances, another fight within three days would be bestial. He is willing to divide the purse equally between the men, declaring they have earned it.

ASHTON KNOCKS LANNON OUT.

Nineteen Hard-fought Rounds—Lannon is a Good Un, But Unfortunate.

The long-pending battle between Joe Lannon of Boston and Jack Ashton of Providence for \$1,000 was decided at Burrillville, R. I., on March 29. The men fought according to Richard K. Fox rules with one-ounce gloves at catch weights. A special train of five cars carried the crowd about a dozen miles out of the city and dumped them in a wilderness. Ashton, Lannon, and their backers, and big John L. Sullivan being served in the same way as the rest of the sports. During the trip to the training place, the Town Hall of Burrillville, Jim Kennedy fell into a deep ditch of icy water, and would have drowned but for Sullivan, Larry Killian and Billy Mahoney.

A ring was erected in the Town Hall, and the crowd were charged \$10 a head for tickets. Ashton was in first-class condition, but Lannon looked haggard and weary. Ashton's seconds were Steve McMaugh and Jim Daly, and Lannon was cared for by Billy Mahoney and Jim Lannon. Frank Moran of Bridgeport was the referee.

Prior to the commencement of hostilities, Sullivan made the following speech:

"GENTLEMEN—I thank you for this expression of confidence and esteem. It is my ideal and ambition to become the champion of the world. Without conceit and ambition a man can't live. If I live I shall fight for the championship next July. I can lick Kilrain or any man in the world born of a woman. I say this because I am conceited and ambitious, and I think I have a right to be so. Again I thank you, gentlemen."



JACK ASHTON.



JOE LANNON.

A friend of Kilrain's from Boston said: "He will not be able to whip a cat, let alone Kilrain, if he keeps on lifting mugs."

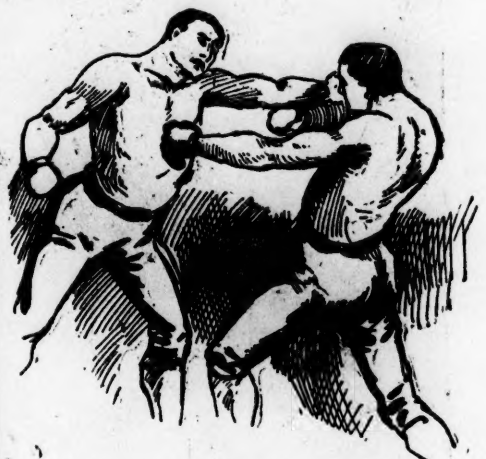
Ashton was weighed in at 172 pounds and Lannon at 163, and both men were in excellent form and as pink as a rose.

The betting was even and the Pawtucket sports bet against Ashton. In Boston the bets were 10 to 1 that there would be a draw.

About \$6,000 changed hands.

When time was called Ashton began to lead, and planted his left on Lannon's jaw. This riled up the Boston boy, who made a rush and endeavored to do some damage. The men then closed in and there was sharp skirmishing, in which Ashton showed himself to be a skillful ring tactician. He was after Lannon in a few seconds, and planted two stinging blows on the left jaw and one in his windbag. First blood was claimed for Ashton, but it was not allowed.

In the second round Ashton drove for Lannon's head, but the blow was blocked, and Jack got a severe reminder from Lannon that he was in the ring, for the Boston boy let out his left and took him under the jaw. Jack countered handsomely, but Lannon was still on deck, and put in his right and left and thumped Jack in the face and on the body. This nerved up Ashton,



ASHTON'S LEFT-HAND BLOW A STUNNER.

who did some excellent fighting and got the best of the round.

In the third round Ashton forced the fighting, and scored repeatedly on Lannon's face and jaw, cleverly avoiding any return blows.

For the fourth Ashton used his left to good advantage. Lannon played for Jack's wind, and resorted to his rushing tactics, but Ashton, after two or three sharp face blows, planted a hot shoulder blow on Lannon's left eye, which at once began to swell. In the fifth and sixth rounds both men evidently fought for wind.

For the eighth round Lannon, after he had been pummeled on the face by Ashton's left, made a vigorous play for Jack's ribs, with the hope of knocking out his wind, but he struck above the navel and too high to do any harm.

It looked in the ninth round as though there was to be a finish of the fight. The men came to the scratch fresh and without a cut. Lannon led and was met by Ashton, who landed five blows in succession with his left on Lannon's face and then staggered Joe with a left-hander on the left eye. Here was a golden opportunity for Jack to win, but he failed to follow up the advantage. For some reason, probably overexertion, he let the chance slip.

In the tenth round Lannon showed up groggy and his blows fell short, and he did no execution. Ashton did all the leading, and, securing an opening, set his left to work and dropped it on Lannon's left eye, which began to look like a bay window. Lannon partially recovered and got in three hard body blows, mainly on the breast. Ashton returned with his left and received a hard square blow on the forehead.

Lannon at last found use for his right in the twelfth round and caught Ashton on the jaw, and this was the best blow that Joe struck during the fight. The opening was a good one and was duly improved upon. Jack was quick to recover and retaliated with a volley of left-handers on Lannon's face and body—five blows in all. Ashton turned to avoid the counter and Lannon got in a solid blow on Jack's neck and sent him spinning, but he held his feet.

The fourteenth was Jack Ashton's from first to last. Lannon came up somewhat bewildered, and he was beginning to quit. He had not force enough left to hit a hard blow, and Ashton had him at his mercy, pounding him in the face and body, blocking everything that his opponent offered, with the exception of one in the jaw.

Lannon again braced up in the fifteenth, opening with his left on Ashton's neck—a nasty crack, too. He followed this up with a right upper-cut on Jack's jaw. Ashton returning with vigor on Joe's face and jaw.

In the seventeenth round Ashton opened on Lannon's left eye. He was speedily repaid by Lannon, who contributed two face blows and nearly took Jack off his feet. Lannon might have made the fight interesting for Jack here, but he neglected to follow up his opportunity.

In the eighteenth round, which was to be the closing one, Ashton went in to win. He rammed Lannon all over the lot, striking hard and true, and every blow told heavily, although Lannon met Jack in good force. Another round was called for and Ashton reached for Lannon's neck with his left and was served with a red-hot upper-cut from Lannon's left. Then came the clinch and the struggle that ended with Lannon stumbling against the ropes.

Before he could release his arm Ashton swung his right and floored him. It was a terrific blow, and Lannon was undoubtedly dizzy when he regained his feet, but the ten seconds' rest to which he was entitled under the rules, strange to say, were not allowed him. Another right-hander settled the business for the South Boston lad while he was steadying himself from the effects of the first blow.

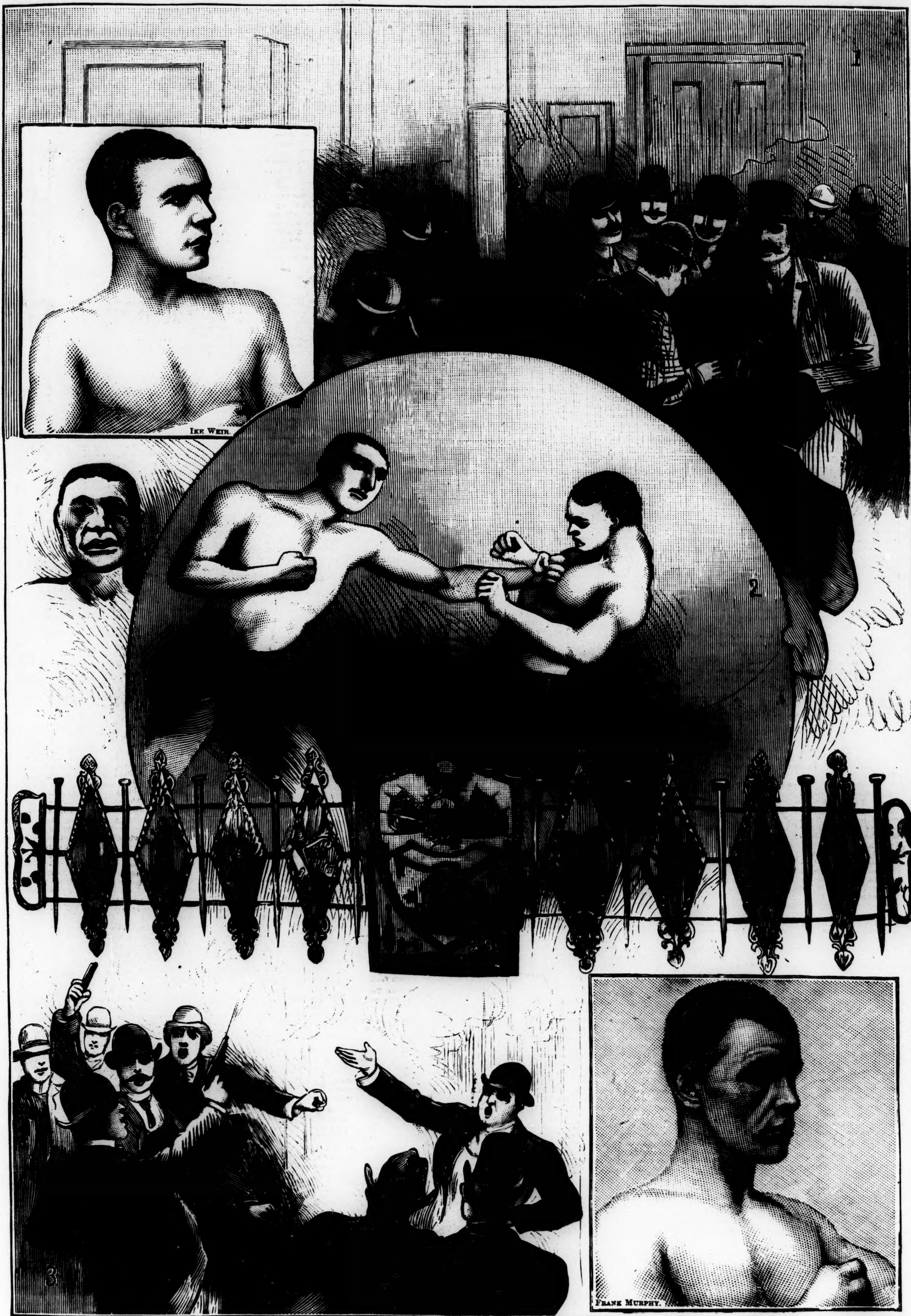
When Lannon fell the courage of the Boston contingent went with him. Ashton was carried to his corner by his delighted friends, and when Moran announced him the victor several pieces of the ceiling fell as a result of the shout that went up.

When a moment later the referee declared that all outside bets were off, the excitement was renewed, and it was with difficulty that order was maintained. After a lively dispute the referee thought he'd better let the bets go with his decision, and then the winners were satisfied.

Ashton won, but it is an open question whether he would have done so but for Lannon's misfortune of being lost in the woods and having to tramp over hills and ditches for two hours.



GUSHINGLY GIDDY WIDOW WAKEFIELD.
THE FLIRTATION BETWEEN A KITTENISH MASSACHUSETTS "GIRLEY" AND A DASHING BOSTON RIDING-MASTER THAT TERMINATED IN AN ELOPEMENT AND A TRAGIC DEATH.



THE WEIR AND MURPHY FIGHT.

THE GREAT BATTLE FOR THE "POLICE GAZETTE" DIAMOND BELT, REPRESENTING THE FEATHER-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD, AND \$1,000, AT KOUTS, IND.

1—Betting Previous to the Fight. 2—In the Ring. 3—Indiana Hoodlums on the Rampage.

BASEBALL.

Shrewd Advertisers Who Are Profiting
by Means of the National Game.

THE LEAGUE AND MANAGER PHILLIPS.

The Boston triumvirate is worth \$900,000, and it is claimed that the Metropolitan Exhibition Company is a still more wealthy organization. Baseball and the Polo Ground have proved a grand gold mine. Is it any wonder that one of the aidmen, simply through curiosity, insisted upon having their books exhibited to show just exactly how much they had made?

New Orleans has gathered together a fine "kitty" gang, as five of their team are left-handers. It is feared that the League will never be able to suit Manager Phillips, and that they will have great difficulty in buying him. He has been a kicker all his life, and now, as he is growing old, he is getting terrible. The magnates did their utmost to please him with the League schedule, but their efforts were in vain, as he has been kicking ever since it was adopted, and there is now every indication of his dying hard. The difficulty, however, will be in keeping him from kicking the lid off of his coffin and the earth away from him, for a kicker like Phillips will certainly never rest easy in his grave.

The idea of Nick Young stopping to weigh and test fifty dozen of balls is simply absurd. Life is too short to waste it in that way, and Nick is not one of the kind to do any more laborious work than is absolutely necessary. He will weigh and test those balls in about fifteen minutes by simply taking it for granted they are all right.

Ewing, Keefe and Tiernan are holding out for more "stuff," and it is a hundred to one that they will get it. There is nothing of the hog about Toledo. They have been growling and fretting ever since the International schedule has been adopted because they didn't get all the plums, and now they are contemptible enough to refuse to give up their date in Indianapolis to the Chicago and All America teams unless the original guarantee is paid them. They are the first club in America who have shown this selfish disposition toward our American ball players who have just completed the grandest tour that has ever been made by sporting men.

If Sam Barkley could only get some one else as badly stuck on him as he is on himself, he would have no difficulty in getting a nice job for the season. The trouble is that Sam is very choosy in his company; he is not fast himself, and he does not believe in associating with any balls that are too fast for him. He picks out the slow, easy-going ones, and lets the others count as base hits. It is a good game, but the trouble is that all the managers are on to it.

There are no flies on the president of the Columbus club. He is a brewer, but devil the bit of beer will he allow his players to drink, as he knows too well the stuff it is made of. Ed Crane weighed Anson \$100 that the New Yorks would beat the Chicagos out, and the big captain quickly accepted the bait. Exchange. Can this be true? Two virtuous ball players making wagers. Why that is gambling, and in violation to the laws of the honorable body of gentlemen known as the League. We will have to give this matter a little attention, and if we find that they really have been guilty of betting we will quietly put them both on the blacklist.

Hewitt is holding a stiff upper lip in regard to Jim Whitney, as he is paying no attention whatever to Jim's threats, and says he will live up to the League classification or will not play ball at all. His salary commences the first day of April, and the amount will be deducted each day he remains away until he shows up for duty.

Detroit, although in the International League, is making her same old kick that she did in the National League. Those people out there are used to having the earth, and they kick like babies when they can't get at least a hemisphere.

The Southern League people are having the same old trouble. They organize all right, then get to fighting among themselves until they get into a rocky condition.

The T. U. C. A. boys, of Columbus, O., have had a surfeit of the base ball players, and they absolutely refuse to let them have the use of their gymnasium for spring practice. No one blames them, either. When a ball player gets into a country town he seems to think he is an amateur king. Instead of being grateful for any favors extended him, he acts as though he was receiving his just dues.

Umpire Decker had a tremendous gall in bringing suit against the League to recover a year's salary for an alleged broken contract. He lost it, of course, as he had no case, but had he displayed one hundredth part as much nerve on the ball field as he did in bringing this suit, he never would have had to bring it, as the League would have had no occasion to dismiss him for incompetency.

Nat Hudson is undoubtedly a fine pitcher, but any man who will do the meanest act, as he did last fall, when his services were needed most for the world's championship series, isn't fit even to be a chimney sweep, and we are surprised at Von der Ahe signing him this year, instead of shutting him out of the business, as any other man would have done had he acted that way with him instead of with Von der Ahe.

Dunlap is going to play ball this season with the right discipline he intends to enforce in the Pittsburgh club. Saying and doing are two entirely different things, which Mr. Dunlap will find out when he attempts to enforce his right discipline, if he does not know it already.

To hear how some people talk in Cleveland, one would think they had a baseball team in that town that was going to sweep everything from off the earth during the coming season.

Isn't it funny that the lack of speed and control of the ball has kept so many men from being first-class pitchers? A Western writer has made the startling discovery that that is what has affected their pitchers.

The only time Ramsey settles down and keeps straight is when he is strapped and no one will give him any credit. Worcester shows good judgment by declining to take any chances on the April weather. They will remain at home and play with anything that may happen to drift their way.

Horace Phillips is going to pull down the expenses of the Pittsburgh club about \$14,000 this year, and still he expects to have a winning team. There is nothing like having plenty of courage.

For mercy sake tell Pitcher Parsons to stay in Frisco; to go down himself, or do anything else but come back East. Any pitcher that cannot manipulate the sphere well enough to catch on to a job on the Pacific Slope we have no desire to be pestered with.

Ganzel thought he was going to have a soft snap in Kalamazoo with his Michigan State League club. He made a big front and

started off in great shape, but the good people of the place were not so green as he had taken them to be, and as they held on to their pocketbooks like grim death to a dead nigger, poor Ganzel, who could not thrive on wind, had to give his enterprise up as a bad job.

Buckley is very much dissatisfied with his classification. Poor boy! It is too bad about him. Before he is done pointing, however, the chances are that the Indianapolis club will take the swelling out of his head.

Cleveland and Toledo are both angling for Will White, but if being a hog will secure him, you can gamble he goes to Toledo.

It is amusing to hear of the princely salaries some of these minor league players want. Here are fellows like Mickey Jones of the London club and "Billy" Callaghan of the Rochester, who are hardly known outside the lots, demanding more money for their services than half the big League and Association clubs are now getting.

Healy and Flynn, of the San Antonio, are now doing the song-and-dance act in a variety show. It would not surprise us in the least to see some of the other so-called professionals doing the mason's clerk act before another season rolls round. The trouble is that some people think that anybody can be a ball player, and therefore as soon as they learn how to catch and throw a ball they write to some minor league for an engagement.

After all the free advertising the New York, Washington and Boston clubs had out of the Johnny Ward deal, it is dollars to doughnuts he plays with the New York club this season. Von der Ahe says that one monkey is enough, and that he is well pleased with Arlie Latham. Now, there must be some mistake, as McCarthy is not a monkey; he is an ape, but possibly our Tontine friend does not know the difference between the birds as their plumage is so near alike. Be that as it may, he is only going to have one, and he is the one that most resembles a parrot, or, in plain words, McCarthy is to be muzzled and fined heavily every time he is caught with his muzzle off.

Jim White has been getting considerable advertisement out of his fight with the Detroit club, but when it came right down to looking after the welfare of the Buffalo club in the International meeting at Rochester, he showed a wonderful lack of interest for a man who had so much at stake and one who posed as a gladiator in his fight against the Detroit club and the League, in reference to his being sold to the Boston club.

Nobody blames Jack Peltz for refusing to sign with the Rochester for this season until they pony up the remainder of last year's salary. Baseball certainly is a great institution, and no one realizes that fact more fully than the shrewd, energetic advertisers throughout the country, who adopt this medium of bringing their goods before the public, as almost everything connected with baseball has a clean sweep in the reading columns in the press of the United States. Last year Hall, the cigarette man, got one hundred thousand dollars' worth of advertising out of the championship cup, which the New Yorks won, and now Adams, the "Tutti Frutti" chewing gum fellow, is trying to get his gum on the market by offering to split up one thousand dollars in prizes among the players of the League and Association. This is an improvement on their old racket and less expensive. The thousand dollars looks big, and the fact of its being divided up into prize money, brings it before the public through the columns of the press as legitimate reading matter. This is something they could not accomplish when they were giving away their gum by the ton to the boys who were chewing their heads off last summer in their efforts to advertise the stuff.

This thing of giving goods to players is a losing game, and no one knows it any better than the Pond's Extract people, who, two years ago, undertook to present a bottle of their extract to every player who made a home run. It was pie for the boys, and they made so many home runs that the drain upon the Extract people was simply stupendous, and the poor agent for the concern used to come around with tears in his eyes, begging the newspaper boys to give him a notice in the daily papers because he had just handed over another bottle of Pond's Extract.

The very thought of running the gauntlet of umpiring through an American Association season has given D. F. Sullivan the nightmare, and he has quit before he commenced. JUNE.

The Harvard football management, after consultation with prominent New York and Boston athletes, has hit upon the idea of offering an expensive cup prize, to be awarded to the man making the best record within 10 years at kicking football. There is already a squad of men who practice daily, and are regularly entered as candidates for the cup. It is open to every member of the university, and any man can become a candidate and receive practice in kicking by making application to the captain of the Varsity eleven. The cup is worth \$250, and was bought by subscriptions received from prominent graduates. H. C. Leeds, '77, was the man most instrumental in securing the cup.

The absurdity of one pugilist refusing to fight another one, because he is a colored man, is simply childish, and deserves no one who has given the matter consideration. In olden times any fighter who would have raised this pretext would have been laughed out of the country. Pugilists do not stand in any higher grade than other professionals. Sprinters, oarsmen, wrestlers, skaters and pedestrians bar no one because they are colored, and when a fighter does it is safe to assume that the "coon" is a formidable man and that the refusal is a pretext. The sooner such men as Kilrain, Killen and others get over this idea the better for them.

The New York "Sun," March 26, says: "Since Jack McAuliffe, the holder of the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, which represents the light-weight championship of America, refused to enter the arena and meet Mike Daly, of Bangor, for \$1,000, when the latter put up \$250 and agreed to meet him for the championship, there have been innumerable disputes and the matter has been freely discussed. The leading sporting authorities have claimed that McAuliffe's action was arbitrary, and not in accordance with the rules governing championships; and Richard K. Fox has received several communications in regard to the matter, asking if McAuliffe (supposing him to be the champion, has the right to insist on any pugilist challenging him to contend for the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, \$1,000 a side and the championship) can shirk accepting the challenge by insisting that the stakes must be \$2,500, simply because he has a bucker willing to put up that amount. In reply to this question, which is the topic of conversation in prize ring circles, yesterday Richard K. Fox gave his decision, which will settle all further argument and disputes, and which the champions of the present and the future will have to stand by."

Admirers of the manly art of self-defense can secure a collection of Cabinet Photographs of all the leading pugilists for 10 cents each by addressing Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

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The New York "Sun," March 26, says: "Since Jack McAuliffe, the holder of the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, which represents the light-weight championship of America, refused to enter the arena and meet Mike Daly, of Bangor, for \$1,000, when the latter put up \$250 and agreed to meet him for the championship, there have been innumerable disputes and the matter has been freely discussed. The leading sporting authorities have claimed that McAuliffe's action was arbitrary, and not in accordance with the rules governing championships; and Richard K. Fox has received several communications in regard to the matter, asking if McAuliffe (supposing him to be the champion, has the right to insist on any pugilist challenging him to contend for the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, \$1,000 a side and the championship) can shirk accepting the challenge by insisting that the stakes must be \$2,500, simply because he has a bucker willing to put up that amount. In reply to this question, which is the topic of conversation in prize ring circles, yesterday Richard K. Fox gave his decision, which will settle all further argument and disputes, and which the champions of the present and the future will have to stand by."

Admirers of the manly art of self-defense can secure a collection of Cabinet Photographs of all the leading pugilists for 10 cents each by addressing Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

Baseball certainly is a great institution, and no one realizes that fact more fully than the shrewd, energetic advertisers throughout the country, who adopt this medium of bringing their goods before the public, as almost everything connected with baseball has a clean sweep in the reading columns in the press of the United States. Last year Hall, the cigarette man, got one hundred thousand dollars' worth of advertising out of the championship cup, which the New Yorks won, and now Adams, the "Tutti Frutti" chewing gum fellow, is trying to get his gum on the market by offering to split up one thousand dollars in prizes among the players of the League and Association. This is an improvement on their old racket and less expensive. The thousand dollars looks big, and the fact of its being divided up into prize money, brings it before the public through the columns of the press as legitimate reading matter. This is something they could not accomplish when they were giving away their gum by the ton to the boys who were chewing their heads off last summer in their efforts to advertise the stuff.

This thing of giving goods to players is a losing game, and no one knows it any better than the Pond's Extract people, who, two years ago, undertook to present a bottle of their extract to every player who made a home run. It was pie for the boys, and they made so many home runs that the drain upon the Extract people was simply stupendous, and the poor agent for the concern used to come around with tears in his eyes, begging the newspaper boys to give him a notice in the daily papers because he had just handed over another bottle of Pond's Extract.

The very thought of running the gauntlet of umpiring through an American Association season has given D. F. Sullivan the nightmare, and he has quit before he commenced. JUNE.

The Harvard football management, after consultation with prominent New York and Boston athletes, has hit upon the idea of offering an expensive cup prize, to be awarded to the man making the best record within 10 years at kicking football. There is already a squad of men who practice daily, and are regularly entered as candidates for the cup. It is open to every member of the university, and any man can become a candidate and receive practice in kicking by making application to the captain of the Varsity eleven. The cup is worth \$250, and was bought by subscriptions received from prominent graduates. H. C. Leeds, '77, was the man most instrumental in securing the cup.

The absurdity of one pugilist refusing to fight another one, because he is a colored man, is simply childish, and deserves no one who has given the matter consideration. In olden times any fighter who would have raised this pretext would have been laughed out of the country. Pugilists do not stand in any higher grade than other professionals. Sprinters, oarsmen, wrestlers, skaters and pedestrians bar no one because they are colored, and when a fighter does it is safe to assume that the "coon" is a formidable man and that the refusal is a pretext. The sooner such men as Kilrain, Killen and others get over this idea the better for them.

FROM ABROAD.

An Accident to Smith Necessitates a
Postponement of his Battle
With Mitchell.

OTHER SPORTING MATTERS.

[SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCHES TO THE POLICE GAZETTE FROM
GEORGE W. ATKINSON.]

LONDON, March 29, 1899.
RICHARD K. FOX: Jake Kilrain, the champion pugilist of the world, now matched to fight John L. Sullivan for \$30,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship, posted \$100 with the *Sporting Life* to-day and issued a challenge to fight Jim Smith for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and championship of the world, whether his fight with Sullivan falls through or goes on. Kilrain's challenge, when bulletined at the newspaper offices, created quite a stir, and the English champion's reply is anxiously looked for.

Smith has been eager to have another battle royal with the American champion ever since Kilrain challenged him in America. Many think the action Smith may take in the matter will entirely depend upon the result of his battle with Charley Mitchell. Should Mitchell win, Smith will very probably have to find new backers, for it is not likely Charley White, the Duke's Motto, would agree to back him against Kilrain, although Ben Hyams or Chippy Norton might do so.

GEORGE W. ATKINSON.
LONDON, March 30, 1899.
The backers of Jim Smith, the champion of England, and Charley Mitchell, with the principals, met at the *Sporting Life* office to-day, when the final preliminaries for their glove fight for \$400 and the championship of England was arranged.

The battle is to be decided next Monday night at Sanger's Amphitheatre, and tickets will range from half a guinea to five guineas. Smith's backers made Jack Baldock a bigger offer for his services to second Smith than Mitchell would give him to act in that capacity, and the well-known second, with Jack Harper, will be behind Smith, in the same manner as when Smith fought Jake Kilrain for \$20,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and championship of the world one year ago last December.

Mitchell has engaged Jim Mace, the ex-champion of the world, to second him, while Kilrain, the American champion, will be his principal adviser, and Charley Rowell his bottle holder. No referee was agreed upon, and it is probable that Bob Watson of the *Sporting Life* will officiate.

Mitchell is in the best possible condition, while Smith, who has worked hard at Hastings, under the care of Jem Howes, is also well, as far as fitness is concerned. Smith has many supporters, who expect he will manage to deliver his famous blow, which Kilrain so cleverly avoided when they fought before, but which Smith succeeded in landing on Greenfield when they fought at Chantilly.

Smith feels chagrined over Kilrain having challenged him, and it is possible that he will pick up the gauntlet, providing Charley White, the Duke's Motto, will find him the stakes. Sporting men of the Victoria and Albert clubs are eager to see Kilrain and Smith battle again, and it is likely that \$500 will be raised for Smith among the clubs, should his present backer not care to risk his money.

It is estimated that about \$12,000 has been bet on the Smith and Mitchell battle, and should Smith be fortunate enough to win he will be able to find a small fortune in stakes to meet Kilrain. The American champion is just as popular here as ever, and should he be matched to meet Smith there will be the Bank of England on his chances.

GEORGE W. ATKINSON.
LONDON, March 30, 1899.
The annual eight-oared race between Oxford and Cambridge Universities was rowed over the Thames championship course, from Putney to Mortlake, a mile 3 furlongs.

Cambridge at once took the lead and at Hammer Smith Bridge, 15 miles from the starting point, was a length ahead. The Oxford crew shortly afterwards became confused and steered badly, splashing some, and almost collapsed. Near Barnes Bridge, five furlongs from the finish, Oxford made a final spurt, but failed to reach the Cambridge boat, the crew of which, rowing well, won by four lengths, in 30 minutes 14 seconds.

At Liverpool to-day the race for the Liverpool Cup of 700 sovereigns, cup course, one mile and three furlongs, was won by Acme, H. E. Tidy's Indian Prince second, and Shillelagh third.

LONDON, April 1, 1899.
Richard K. Fox: The Mitchell and Smith battle encounter has been postponed, not through any fault of Mitchell's, but owing to Jim Smith meeting with a serious accident. While punelling the bag he stepped on a hook, which tore the flesh from the bottom of his foot, leaving a deep laceration. Smith was unable to stand, and is confined to his bed at Brighton, where he was training, by his physician's orders. Smith's accident created quite a sensation as well as great disappointment. Mitchell will probably agree to a postponement of the match until Smith's wound heals, or else claim a forfeit of the stakes, \$200.

GEORGE W. ATKINSON.
LATER.
LONDON, April 1, 1899.
Charley Mitchell has claimed forfeit of the \$400 posted with the *Sporting Life*, and he will receive the stakes. There is great disappointment, and sporting men who had bet heavily are disgusted.

Wallace Ross won the roadsoullers' race and the championship on March 12.

George W. Rife, of Baltimore, the manager of Mr. James Kilrain, called on April 1.

Alf Porter, of Boston, writes that John Griffen, of Brantree, Mass., never knocked him out.

Arthur Rothery and George K. Barnes have opened the Game Cock Inn, 424 South Tenth street, Omaha.

Jake Gaudaur and John Teemer will probably arrange to row three races of three, four and five miles for \$1,000 a side.

Jimmy Murphy and Jimmy Kelly, the well-known pugilists, are at Fort Townsend, W. T., doing a flourishing business and drawing big houses.

John J. Smith, the well-known boat builder and oar maker, of 40 and 42 Dover street, has built some elegant boats for the steam yacht Anita.

Matasda Sorakichi defeated Ernest Roerber in a mixed match at Græco-Roman and catch-as-catch-can wrestling on March 25, at New Haven, Conn. The stakes were \$250 a side.

Jack Dempsey called at the "Police Gazette" office on March 27, and stated that he will not engage in any fight unless the stakes are \$1,000 a side and there is also a purse of \$2,500 or \$3,000 guaranteed.

Johnny Van Heest and Billy Campbell fought with 2-ounce gloves at Ashland, Wis., on March 23. Van Heest won in the third round. The contest was for a purse and the championship of feather-weights of the Northwest.

I reference to the recent decision issued by Richard K. Fox, in which he decided champions must contend for \$1,000 a side, Captain A. W. Cooke says in a letter to Mr. Richard K. Fox: "Your manifesto I think is just the right thing to put an end to the big game in pugilism."

Jack Burgess, the well-known middle-weight, who has figured in numerous battles, fought Tom McDonald, of Elk-hart, at South Bend, Ind., on March 23. Burgess won first knock-down and had the best of the mill throughout. In the last

round Burgess made a regular chopping block of his opponent, finally winding up the battle with a terrific right-hander on McDonald's jaw, breaking it and knocking him senseless.

During a dog fight near West Stamford, Conn., on March 24, while Dan Kelly was handling the dog, the latter grabbed Kelly by the leg. The other dog, seeing this move, became imbued with the spirit of rebellion and turned on its handler, but was restrained before injury was inflicted, a spectator seizing and holding it by the throat. While a doctor was examining Kelly's wounds he had to be held to the floor by the spectators, so great was his agony. At present the injured man is in a precarious state.

Tom Meadows, of Australia, and Paddy Duffy, of Boston, fought with gloves on March 29 at San Francisco, Cal., for a purse of \$1,000. The fighting was uneventful to the forty-third round, when Duffy knocked Meadows down four times, but the call of time saved the latter. In the forty-fourth round, amid intense excitement, Duffy began slugging the Australian. Duffy knocked him down three times, yet each time Meadows recovered. The fight was given to Duffy on a foul in the forty-fifth round.

Jas. Fay and Chip Stewart, two well-known light-weights of Fall River, Mass., fought on March 29, skin-tight gloves, Marquis of Queensberry rules. The conditions were to a finish for \$250 a side. Fay weighed 131½ pounds and Stewart 128. The fight was held over the Rhode Island line in Tiverton, the utmost secrecy being maintained, and the destination was unknown until those in the ring had got the tip. The men were in fine condition. They fought eleven rounds, and then the fight was stopped on a claim of foul. The battle was declared a draw.

The New York "Daily News," March 26, says: "The decision given by Richard K. Fox on the amount of stakes a champion must battle for created quite a sensation, but the majority of pugilists who have not wealthy backers endorse the decision. Pugilists who desire to aspire for the championship in either of the four recognized classes—feather, light, middle and heavy-weight—will now be unable to pose through the country as champions unless they pick up the gauntlet thrown down by challengers for the title of champion and agree to contest for \$1,000."

On March 28, Captain James C. Daly, the Irish Giant, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, posted \$250 and left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, March 28, 1899.
SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE—Sir: Since I defeated Duncan C. Ross at Springfield, Mass., several of the would-be champion wrestlers appear eager to arrange a match to wrestle for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. I am ready to wrestle any man breathing, Græco-Roman or catch-as-catch-can, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side and the championship of America. "Police Gazette" rules to govern. To prove I mean business, I have posted \$250 with Richard K. Fox, which any of the many wrestlers can cover if they feel so inclined. First come first served.

CAPTAIN JAMES C. DALY,
Irish Champion.

Arrangements were completed at the "Police Gazette" office on March 29 for an international six-day, 60-as-you-please race for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and the championship of the world. The race will be solely under the management of Billy O'Brien, and will take place at Madison Square Garden, May 5, to May 11. The entrance fee will be \$50, and the race will be open to all pedestrians in the world. Fifty per cent. of the gate money will be divided among the contestants who cover 555 miles, with 40 per cent. to the winner. The entries will close May 1, and parties desiring to enter will have to send in their money and names to Billy O'Brien, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, Franklin Square, before the above date. This will be the last six-day race that will take place in Madison Square Garden.

Billy Madden with Jimmy Carroll called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, and the latter posted \$250 and issued the following challenge:

NEW YORK, March 28, 1899.
SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE—Sir: Seeing that Johnny Reagan has challenged Jack Dempsey to box with gloves for \$1,000 and the middle-weight championship of America, and learning that Dempsey will not arrange a match, I hereby challenge Reagan to meet me, any rules, for \$1,000 a side and the middle-weight championship of America. To prove I mean business, my backer has posted \$250 forfeit with the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, and my backer and myself will meet Reagan and his backer at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Tuesday, April 7, at 11 A. M. If Reagan was in earnest regarding his proposition to meet Dempsey, he should not be afraid to meet me for \$1,000.

JIMMY CARROLL.
In reply to the above the following explains itself:

NEW YORK, March 27, 1899.
SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE—Sir: In reply to Jack Dempsey's peculiar offer to meet Johnny Reagan, and Jimmy Carroll's challenge, allow me to say that when Reagan posted \$250 forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE and issued a challenge agreeing to arrange a match with Jack Dempsey for \$1,000 a side, Dempsey did not cover the money, nor did he officially reply to Reagan's offer, although two weeks was given him to do so, alleging that Reagan's challenge was a bluff. How a challenge backed up with money can be considered a bluff I cannot imagine. The time open for the issuance of Dempsey's reply finally expired, and the money was withdrawn. That ended the matter. In the meantime the California Athletic Club offered Reagan a purse of \$3,000 if he would meet Young Mitchell, and he accepted the same. Hence he will not arrange any match until he meets Young Mitchell, and should he win, he will meet any middle-weight in America. Dempsey will now have to back for a match with Jimmy Carroll, who, I understand, has challenged both Reagan and Dempsey to battle for \$1,000 a side, and posted \$250 forfeit to prove he means business.

BILLY REID,
Reagan's backer.

The following are the new revised rules in relation to wrestling on horseback:

1—Contestants to be dressed in tight-fitting dress and to wear a strong waistcoat, but no boots or shoes.
2—Contestants not to be permitted to rub their dress or skin with grease or anything to prevent their opponent getting a fair hold.
3—The horses to be well bridled and to have only saddle blanket and circling (girth), but no stirrups or anything to support the contestant's feet.
4—The contestants to meet, mounted in the center of the ring, right to right, and the judge or referee to see the arms locked at the elbows. Then give the word "go," when the contestants will continue the bout till one is dismounted or time is called.
5—Contestants must not take hold of each other by the privates, nose, ears, whiskers, or put their fingers into each other's mouth.
6—Each bout to last five minutes unless one has won a fall, and there must be not less than fifteen minutes interval between each bout, except with the sanction of both contestants; and the duration of bouts and length of interval to be clearly stated before the contest by the judge or referee, and to be strictly adhered to, except with the sanction of the contestants.
7—To be "defeated," a contestant must be dismounted and must touch the ground, but in case of both contestants, or both horses, falling, the first contestant touching the ground to lose the fall; and should neither touch the ground before "time" is called, the bout is equal.
8—Should there be more than two contestants, they must "cast lots" for pairing contestants, and all the victors in the first bout must draw again for pairing, and so on to a finish, a bye to count as a victor of the bout in which he drew the bye.
9—The stakeholder to be Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, or Mr. George W. Atkinson, *Sporting Life*, or any approved of by those gentlemen (in America by Mr. Fox, Europe by Mr. Atkinson), this if possible to avoid fakes.
10—All rules not specified here to be governed by the Book of Rules (mounted contests) published by Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE.
11—Any contestant violating Rule 2 or 5 to be disqualified, ignorance of the rules not to be accepted as an excuse for such violation of said rules.

Elegant Cabinet Photographs of all the celebrated actresses of the American and European stage. Only 10 cents each. Send orders to this office.

REFEREE.

Should the Amount of Stakes be
Optional With the Holder of
a Championship?

A TIMELY QUESTION.

The amount of stakes that a pugilist holding the title of champion should battle for has become an important question in sporting circles, and the leading sporting authorities have decided that a champion should be compelled to contend for \$1,000 a side or else relinquish the title to the challenger ready and willing to contend for that amount.

I think the reason why this important question has been brought before the public springs from the fact that Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion, refused to arrange a match with Mike Daly, of Bangor, Me., for \$1,000 a side and the light-weight championship, insisting that the stakes should be \$5,000. The refusal of Jack Dempsey, who holds the pride of place in the middle-weight class of pugilism, to meet Johnny Heenan, who posted \$250 and challenged him to battle for \$1,000 a side and the middle-weight championship of the world, also had something to do with it no doubt.

It has been a general rule in England for decades that the stakes in all title encounters for the championship should be \$200 (\$1,000), but no champion in England is compelled to pick up the gauntlet thrown down by a challenger, and agree to battle for a less amount than \$200. England, it must be allowed, was the cradle of boxing, and I have no doubt that the rules governing the English championship prize ring encounters were the first adopted in this country.

In 1849 in England Tass Parker and Con Parker fought for \$200 a side and the championship. Bill Perry and Tom Paddock, Harry Broome and Bill Perry also fought for \$200 and the championship. So did Tom Sayers and Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher, and John C. Heenan, who went over from this country in 1856 to fight Tom Sayers on April 17, 1860, for \$200 and the championship of the world.

Moreover, Tom King and Jem Mace fought (twice) for the championship, and the stakes were only \$200 (\$1,000) a side. Paddock, Jem Mace and Sam Hurst also fought for \$200 (\$1,000) a side and the championship. Tom King and John C. Heenan fought in 1863 for \$1,000 (\$5,000) a side, but it will surprise many when I say that the battle was not for the championship of England, and neither King nor Heenan held the title when they fought.

From the time Tom King defeated Jem Mace up to the time Jim Smith and Alf Greenfield fought, the stakes in all great English historical battles have been \$200, or \$1,000 a side.

I find, on making a retrospective review of the many battles that have been fought by heavy-weights for the championship in this country, in every match, with four exceptions, since 1815 to 1889 the stakes were only \$1,000 a side. The exceptions are the matches between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, for \$10,000; Mike McCoole and Joe Coburn, for \$5,000; the last battle being a *racoon*.

I may also mention the match of Jem Mace and Joe Coburn, which was for \$2,500 a side (ending in a draw), and the John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan battle for the championship, which was won by Sullivan. Tom Hyer, John Morrissey, Mike McCoole, Ned O'Baldwin, Jem Mace, Joe Wormald, Aaron Jones, Bill Davis, Jimmy Elliott, Joe Coburn, Paddy Ryan, Joe Goss, Charley Gallagher, Jim Dunn, Ben Hogan and John C. Heenan were always willing to fight for \$1,000.

I also find on consulting my prize ring record, which contains every battle fought in this country from 1815 to date, that from the time Barney Aaron fought Johnny Robinson on Riker's Island, this city, in July, 1856, nearly 40 years ago, there have been (allowing that Teddy McAuliffe and Billy Kelly fought for the light-weight championship in August, 1886, which some dispute) fifteen battles for the light-weight championship, according to the regular London prize ring rules, and in no case was the stake money over \$1,000 a side.

By the way, I may as well state for the benefit of the new crop of sporting authorities that, allowing Barney Aaron's first battle with Johnny Robinson to have been for the light-weight championship, he won the title four times. Sam Collier won the title four times, and Billy Edwards fought for the title five times, and also fought a draw with Tim Collins, afterward losing by a foul in a fight with Arthur Chambers.

The only other pugilists that held the light-weight championship were Arthur Chambers, who won it by a foul from Billy Edwards, and Chambers, who defeated Johnny Clark for the title in 1879, which battle I shall always claim was the last for the light-weight championship of America. In none of these battles were gloves used and London prize ring rules governed, which, I must say, are the only rules that can govern championships, no matter whether feather, light, middle or heavy weights contend.

In regard to the stakes for a contest in the arena where a championship is dependent on the result, I claim that a pugilist who refuses to contend for \$1,000 is either afraid to meet his challenger or else he only desires to contend when it suits him best.

Many think the idea of Jack McAuliffe refusing to arrange a match with Mike Daly is absurd. McAuliffe knows Daly can be matched for \$1,000, and that a purse for double that amount could be raised by the sale of tickets if the match was arranged. But because Daly cannot find any sporting man willing to risk over \$1,000 on the result of a contest McAuliffe lifts up a big barrier to a match with Daly, and shouts: "I will not enter the arena to battle for less than \$2,500 a side," and the result is that the game is blocked.

The rules governing the "Police Gazette" diamond belt which is the emblem of the light-weight championship of America compel a pugilist holding the trophy to defend it according to the conditions by which it was given for competition, and it strikes me forcibly that if McAuliffe does not meet Daly according to the rules governing the trophy that he will not only have to relinquish the belt, but the light weight championship of America. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

John L. Sullivan had to give up the title of champion of America by his refusal to arrange a match with Kilrain when challenged by the latter in the customary and regular way, and I do not see how McAuliffe is going to escape forfeiting the belt and title if he refuses to meet Daly for \$1,000.

I cannot see upon what ground McAuliffe is endeavoring to place himself above the long line of light-weight champions who have preceded him. He has never battled according to the regular rules which govern the championship, and under which Aaron, Collier, Kelly, Bolster, McElade, Edwards, Collins, Chambers and Clark contended. They engaged in numerous battles and never refused to defend the light-weight championship when challenged, simply because they were aware that they would have to battle against all comers for \$1,000 a side.

In regard to that point, the following decision was given on March 26, 1889:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: All pugilists who claim they hold either the feather, light, middle or heavy weight championship of America must defend their title against all challengers who issue bona fide challenges—that is, when they are

accompanied by a forfeit of \$50 and upward—and contend for \$1,000 a side, unless it is optional with the challenged party and the challenger's backers to increase the amount over \$1,000. A champion need not pay any attention to any challenge wherein the party issuing the said challenge desires to contend for less than \$1,000. Should any champion in the feather, light, middle and heavy weight pugilistic divisions refuse to accept any challenge in which the party issuing the said challenge has posted a forfeit and agreed to meet the champion for \$1,000 a side, then the holder of the title will from the date of the time customary (two weeks) be compelled to accept or refuse the said challenge, or he shall forfeit any trophy representing the title in his possession and relinquish the championship, and the title and trophy shall be awarded to the challenger, providing he is ready to defend the same according to the conditions and rules governing the prize ring championships.

According to this decision, champions must contend for \$1,000, but they may also battle for \$5,000, providing the challenged and the challenger are willing to risk that amount on the issue. H. P. Thurlow, the Sporting Editor of the *Evening World*, says:

"That championship stake of \$1,000 excites interest. A champion who refuses to fight for \$1,000 a side may not do so on account of the inadequacy of stakes, but merely as a subterfuge to escape a possible defeat. When he announces that he will fight for nothing under \$5,000 he is only making a bluff. He does not want to fight. He intrenches himself within the barrier of his \$5,000 stake, knowing well that it will be impossible for the challenger to put up that amount. Who is going to risk that sum on a man who has never, perhaps, met a champion? The challenger finds he cannot raise such a large amount of money as the champion requires. So the latter's bluff is successful. He laughs in his sleeve, as his money secures to him the championship which perhaps his fists could no longer hold."

A great many of the fighters contend that the reason, a fairly large stake is necessary is because the backer takes nearly all the money, and gives the winning man a pittance. Jack Dempsey declares that he only got \$75 in his fight with Heenan, and also declares that a man's training expenses foot up at least \$250, and other expenses swell the amount still higher. What does a fighter get for all his hard work unless the amount is a fairly large one.

Dempsey, like Arthur Chambers, does not believe that a fighter should back himself. If such is the case, it will be seen that the fighter's share is small, unless his backer happens to have a big heart. When a broken-hearted backer loses a number of times he is apt to give grudgingly, in order to square his losses. And as there are almost an equal number of victories and defeats, with notable exceptions, the backer's lot is manifestly not a happy one.

I think that while too big a stake for a championship fight (as shown by the Myers-McAuliffe fight) is an error, the stake ought to be a fairly large one, and that the winner should be guaranteed a specified sum, not less than \$500, beside his training expenses. It is worth \$500 and training expenses to engage in a first class fight, and run the risks of punishment and severe work involved in an encounter to a finish, either according to Queensberry or London prize ring rules.

It is a point well taken that no fighter ought to back himself, as such a course is an invitation for those who ought to help him to win to join in schemes to insure his defeat. With men who wage on a fight, one man's money isn't any better than that of another man, and the fighter's share in the stake is the least respected, as it deprives some ambitious sport of feeling a financial interest in the contestant and the result.

That one-thousand-dollar championship stake is bound to come into vogue. That is the verdict of all the sporting men. They are agreed that the high stakes demanded by champions is merely a ruse to avoid fighting. They all say that as far as the money is concerned, as much could be made by having the stakes \$1,000 as \$5,000.

Let the champions make their money on outside bets, then the less wealthy fighters will be given a chance to meet the champions, and perhaps knock them out. A Trust composed of rich pugilists is as unfair to other pugilists as a powerful mercantile Trust is unfair to less wealthy merchants. If the champions are afraid to risk meeting the lesser stars, let them give up prize fighting and go into some other business.

I see that the lovers of pugilism on the Pacific Slope are impatiently awaiting the arrival of April 29, when Patsy Cardiff is to face Jackson, the Australian wonder, in the California Athletic Club for a purse of \$2,500. The battle will no doubt create a sensation and the result will be looked forward to with eager interest.

I think Jackson is a Kilrain fighter and depends more on jabbing a man, and getting away without a return, than on any other point. His unusual length of arms greatly assists him at the game, but whether he is as good an fighter, is a question yet to be settled. Cardiff is a much cleverer man than the "coon" has ever met, a good general and fighter, and if he lands right can knock out any one. This "coon" cannot do as evidenced in his fight with McAuliffe, whom he could hit when and where he liked, and yet it took him 120 minutes to whip him, which demonstrates that he is not a hard hitter.

McAuliffe was undoubtedly overrated. He whipped Paddy Ryan, who was stale and a tenth-rate fighter at the time he met him, and it took him 49 rounds to whip Glover, and McAuliffe had every advantage—length of reach, height and outweighted him 40 pounds. His victory over Conley amounted to nothing, as the latter was so shouldered that he could not hit as hard as some light-weights.

Isaac Murphy, the famous colored jockey, has this to say of Emperor of Norfolk: "But good as Freeland, Leonatus and Cheekmate were, and good as Falestto, Glenmore, Volante, Kingston, Troubadour, Blue Eyes, General Harding, Luke Blackburn and other crack riders by me, I consider Emperor of Norfolk the best horse I ever rode, taking everything into consideration. I tell you he was a wonder, and when in the best of condition I have yet to see the horse that, in my opinion, could defeat him. Mr. Thomas, the trainer of Mr. Baldwin's stable, worked him a trial at Nashville last spring before shipping him here to Brooklyn, and he beat Volante as if he had been a sailing plater, giving him weight in addition to the three years difference in age."

"When we landed in Brooklyn, Sir Dixon, just purchased by the Dwyer Brothers for a long price, and Raccand, Mr. Belmont's great colt, were all the rage, and when the Emperor started against them, in the Brooklyn Derby, the Eastern turfmen were of the opinion that he and Prince Royal would have the empty honor of fighting for third place. I laid with him in an easy position until the head of the stretch was reached and then sent the Emperor to the front, and he won without the semblance of an effort. That day I believe he could have beaten, not only any horse on the turf in America, but he could have wiped out any record. He was in the same fettle all the rest of the season until his leg went wrong at Chicago, and in my humble opinion brought to an end the career of the best 2-year-old that has as yet appeared in this country. He was certainly the best I ever saw, and I hardly believe it possible to breed a better one."

"Outside of his remarkable qualifications as a race-horse he was a most pleasant animal to ride, docile as a lamb, ran well in front or in the rear, and when called on never failed to respond. I never thought he would stay on the turf long, his immense bodily conformation being too heavy for his legs, which, good as they were, could not stand the strain necessary to fit him for a great race, as he was simply a glutton for work. I have faith that I will live to ride some of his colts to victory, as I believe he will prove as successful in the stud as he was on the turf."

No sporting house or club should be without a framed collection of our elegant Cabinet Photographs. Only to cents each. Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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SUPPLY AND PURCHASING AGENCY.

The department is in charge of a thoroughly competent man, and any orders that we are favored with will be filled at the manufacturers' and publishers' lowest prices. Orders filled promptly and must be in every case accompanied by the cash. Address: PURCHASING DEPARTMENT, *POLICE GAZETTE*, Franklin Square, New York.

M. J. Brooklyn, N. Y.—No.
W. E. L., Kansas City.—Thanks.
W. R., North Pembroke, N. Y.—Yes.
W. S. J., Guthrie Centre, Ia.—1. No. 2. B wins.
J. C., Minneapolis, Minn.—Yes; at San Francisco.
E. A. J., Charleston, S. C.—Fitzgerald, a Union Square.
E. F. M., P. O. Box 1655.—We have not got the address.
A. J. W., Paterson, N. J.—Sam Collier beat Jimmy McElade.
J. R., Minoka, Ill.—Will use your photo when opportunity offers.
W. H. W., Elmira, N. Y.—Yes; if you are playing table stakes.
R. L. C., Bearden, Ark.—In 1870; have no record of the length of time.
T. C., Kearney, Neb.—You have not stated how many points you are playing.
E. F. G., Marion, N. C.—Jake Kilrain is the heaviest. He has scaled 225 pounds.
W. K., Portland, Me.—1. You could count 24, viz.: 15—12 and 12. 2. 24 is correct.
W. M., Haverstraw, N. Y.—Ned Bearles, the champion jumper, died on Feb. 20, 1874.
JOHN E., Carlisle, New Mexico.—Yes; I can come in and make a run with an eight spot.
E. B. J., Kingsley, Kan.—1. Charley Mitchell has fought under 165 pounds. 2. 160 pounds.
J. W. S., Galena, Ill.—We can furnish you with the goods or anything in the sporting line.
SANDY, Philadelphia.—He was murdered by Jack Harrington at San Francisco, on Oct. 18, 1878.
R. M., Atlantic City.—What races do you mean; running, trotting, pedestrian or bicycle races?
J. H., N. Y. City.—There is no official record for lifting a dumbbell at the weight you name.
T. J. D., Garrettsville, O.—Send \$5 and we will furnish you with a book containing pedigrees.
E. S. & H. K.—Write to Jack Dempsey. He will be better able to inform you if he keeps a diary.
M. J. S., Boston.—Yes; Panosaw, who was bought for \$25,000 by John B. Shute in 1867, is praised.
A. J. F., Brooklyn.—All hands show for what they are worth where they are playing straight fishes.
A. W. B., Yarmouth, N. S.—A letter addressed to Alfred Elson, in care of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, will reach him.
SUBSCRIBER, New Harmony, Ind.—Send 25 cents for the "Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan" to this office.
C. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. Send 50 cents and we will mail you the book. 2. Bookmaking is allowed in Australia. 3. The Sydney Bell's life.
M. W. B., Bridgeport, Conn.—The referee had no power to order the race run off when both parties agreed not to run off the dead heat.
A. W., Newark, N. J.—The Patsy Marley who was murdered at St. Louis on Oct. 2, 1872, was not the pugilist whom Dooney Harris defeated.
T. J. S., Baltimore, Md.—Jake Kilrain has only contended once according to London prize ring rules; that was in his battle with Jem Smith.
T. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.—The decision of the referee is final. 2. The stakeholder should pay you the stakes, providing you give him security against legal action. 3. Yes.
H. H., San Francisco.—1. We do not know John L. Sullivan's reason for not meeting George Godfrey. 2. No; Kilrain defeated Godfrey, and Joe Lannon fought a draw with him.
T. J., Greenpoint, L. I.—Forty-nine pacers have won races in which each of the three heats were paced in 2:30 and better. Only forty-six trotters have accomplished the same feat.
A. W. D., New York City.—A wins. Tom Cribb did fight for a larger stake than \$1,000 a side. His battle with Mollinoax, the Black, fought September 26, 1811, was for \$200 (\$1,500) a side.
M. W., Jersey City.—A wins; it was the same Billy Kelly who fought Johnny Grady, the "Conemara Ram" that fought Sam Collier for \$1,000 a side and the light-weight championship of America.
D. J., Hoffman House, New York.—1. Tom Allen was not champion of England when he came to this country. 2. Joe Goss and Tom Allen fought twice, once in England and once in this country. 3. No.
A. D. J., Boston.—John P. Slavia, the heavy-weight champion of New South Wales, knocked out Jack Burke, the "Rah Lad," in the third round of a six three-minute round glove contest at Sydney, N. S. W., on Feb. 4.
T. A. C., Portsmouth, N. H.—Peter Morris, the English champion feather-weight pugilist, died on Oct. 15, 1872. He did visit this country and had a set-to with Barney Aaron. John C. Heenan died on Oct. 26, 1872.
D. S., New York City.—Johnny McElade and Sam Collier fought for \$1,000 a side and the light-weight championship. Barney Aaron and Sam Collier fought twice for \$1,000 a side and the championship of light-weights.
SUBSCRIBER, New York City.—There never was a prize fight according to the regular rules between light-weight pugilists for the light-weight championship of America in which the stakes were a larger amount than \$1,000 a side.
A. D., San Jose, Cal.—William O'Connor, the champion carman, became a professional in 1865. In 1864 he won the amateur single-scutt championship, and with his partner, Enright, also won the amateur double-scutt championship. O'Connor was born in Toronto, Canada.
A. B. B., Troy, N. Y.—Jack Lewis, the western pugilist, was not killed in the prize ring. Lewis fought Jim Rogers near Streator, Ill., on Nov. 11, 1872. Thirty-six rounds were fought in 47 minutes, when Rogers was declared the winner. On Nov. 14 Lewis died from the punishment he had received during the contest. Rogers was arrested, tried and acquitted.
FUGACHIA, Hoffman House New York City.—Barney Aaron and Johnny Monaghan, fought at Riker's Island, N. Y., on Sept. 2, 1857, for the light-weight championship. The battle lasted 23 rounds, fought in 2 hours 32 minutes. The battle between Johnny Robinson and Barney Aaron at New Orleans, July 9, 1856, lasted 2 hours 13 minutes, and 23 rounds were fought.
M. J., Union League Club, New York City.—George L. Lorillard, the well-known turfman and sporting man, won the Grand Prix de Casino at Monte Carlo in 1872. It is the only time an American ever won the prize. It has been won once by an American, nine times by an Englishman, three times by an Italian, twice by a Belgian, once by a Hungarian, and once by a Frenchman.
M. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Charley Gallagher, the ex champion heavy-weight pugilist, died at Jacksonville, Fla., on August 25, 1872. He stood 6 feet 1½ inches in height and weighed 180 pounds. Gallagher fought twice for the championship of America with Tom Allen, defeating him in the first contest, the other ending in a wrangle, although Allen should have received the referee's fiat. Gallagher also defeated Jack Curley, and was beaten by Bill Davis and Jimmy Elliott.
N. J., New York City.—The following are the names of the Yale crew in training:

Row	Name and class	Wt.
1	Row	169
2	Row	159
3	Row	159
4	Row	159
5	Row	159
6	Row	159
7	Row	159
8	Row	159
9	Row	159
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100	Row	159

and Arthur Chambers did not fight the longest battle for the light-weight championship without gloves. Barney Aaron and Johnny Monaghan fought 23 rounds in 2 hours 32 minutes, at Riker's Island, N. Y., on Sept. 2, 1857. Billy Edwards and Tim Collins fought 23 rounds, lasting 2 hours 45 minutes, at East New York, for \$2,000 and the light weight championship on May 25, 1871. Both these battles lasted longer than the Chambers and Clarke battle, which only lasted 2 hours 30 minutes. If you had bet that Clark and Chambers, when they fought on March 23, 1879, for the light-weight championship, fought more rounds than any other two pugilists contending for the title, you would have won, for they fought 128 rounds. Always look before you leap. 2. Barney Aaron and Sam Collier fought 47 rounds in 2 hours 6 minutes in their first battle at Folkl's Landing, Va., and 63 rounds in 1 hour 44 minutes at Aquila Creek, Va.

FOUGHT MANFULLY.

Great Battle Between Harry Gilmore and Danny Needham, Near Minneapolis, Minn.

The great battle between Harry Gilmore, the ex-champion light-weight of Canada, and Danny Needham, the light-weight champion of the Northwest, was decided in Anoka county, eight miles from Minneapolis, on March 27, and was witnessed by a big crowd of sporting men. The contest was according to Richard E. Fox rules for a purse of \$400, and skin gloves were used. Gilmore was seconded by John McGill, the feather-weight, and a St. Paul sporting man. Needham was handled by John H. Clark and Dick Moore. A well-known local sporting man was referee. Objection was made to the way Needham's hands were strapped, but Gilmore said briefly, "Let 'er go."

Time was called at 3:30. For two minutes the men were engaged in feinting and slugging each other up. Then Needham reached for Gilmore's breast and landed, but lightly. He repeated the blow, and Gilmore countered lightly on the same spot. Needham also opened the second round, landing right and left on Gilmore's breast. Gilmore smiled. "A second later he placed a heavy blow on Danny's neck, and got away in time to avoid a swinging right-hander. Gilmore followed this up with a stinger on Needham's left eye, and Danny neatly countered on Gilmore's right optic."

Needham led as usual with a hard one on the shoulder, and followed it up with a savage lunge, which was vented on the air. This was a scientific round and ended in a clinch with honors even. Needham was still the first to lead, but his blow, aimed at the stomach, fell short. He then rushed Gilmore and got in two good ones. A clinch followed and a neck exchange succeeded the clinch. The stomach was the favorite play of both men in this round. This was Needham's round.

The men were very careful in the sixth round. Needham scored first with a thump on his opponent's head, getting a heavy one on the breast in return. Needham countered on Gilmore's neck. It was evident that the fight would be a long one.

The seventh round was simply an exhibition of scientific sparring, in which Needham showed up best. Gilmore did all the leading in the eighth round, and had the best of it.

Needham led for the face in the ninth, and was countered on the neck. He responded with a cross-counter A rush and a clinch were stopped by a call of time.

The tenth round showed clever work by both men. Gilmore landing on Danny's stomach and forcing him to the ropes. Gilmore's round. Gilmore led for the first time in the beginning of a round in the eleventh, but fell short. He got a rib-roaster in return. Gilmore then got in a good one on Needham's mouth. The men went to their corners fresh and confident.

The twelfth and thirteenth rounds call for no special mention, and in the fourteenth only two blows were exchanged before the call of time. The fifteenth was like its immediate predecessor.

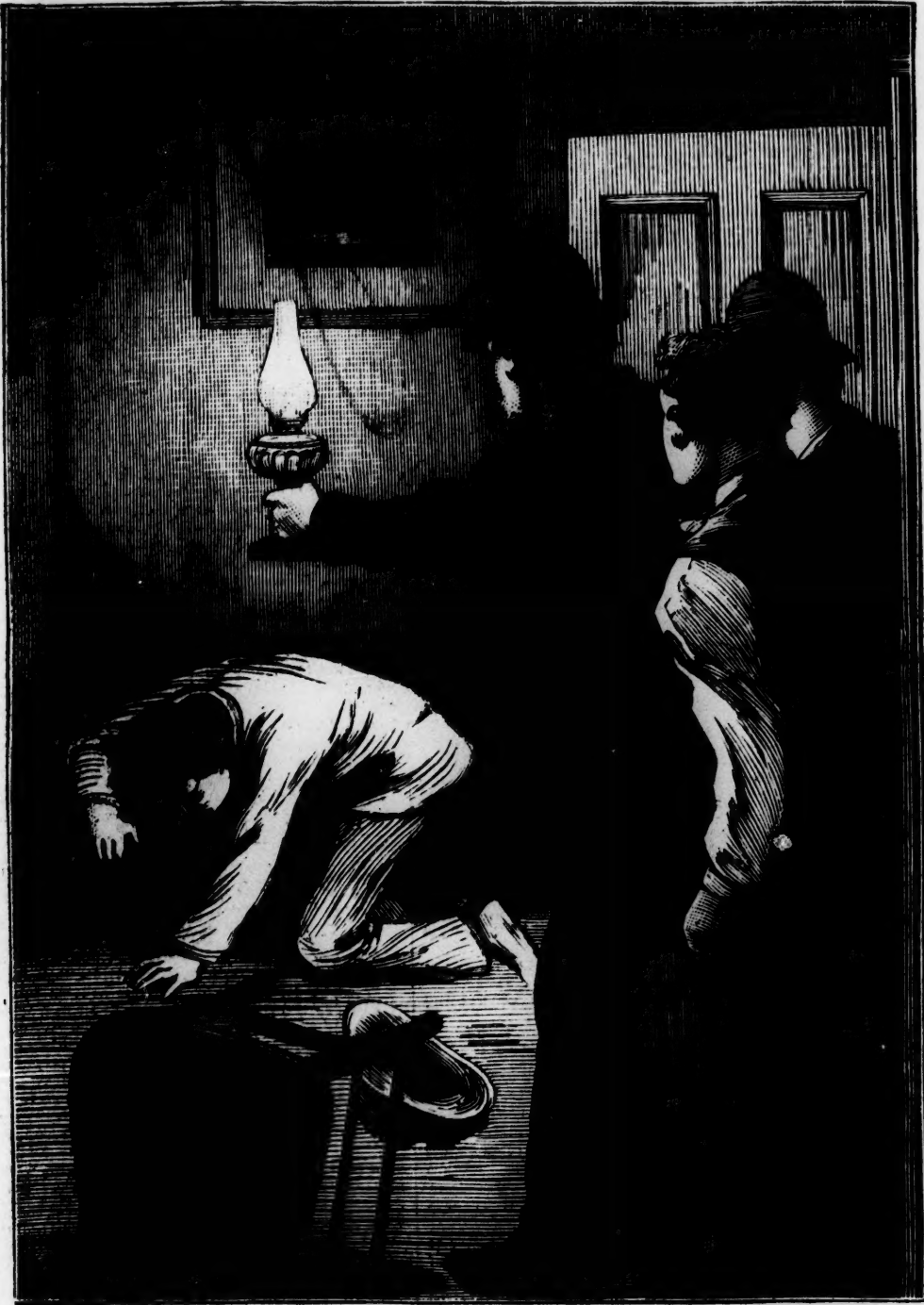
Gilmore led in the sixteenth and was promptly stopped. Needham led for the face, but got an upper-cut which knocked him to the ropes.

Gilmore led again in the seventeenth on the neck, and Needham rushed him to the ropes, landing heavily on Gilmore's neck. A clinch followed with short-arm work which made Harry grant.

The eighteenth round was an exchange of light blows and much feinting and running around the ring, but ended in no very great advantage to either man.

Danny opened the nineteenth with a rush, landing a good one on Gilmore's face. Gilmore responded right and left on Needham's breast and shoulders. The latter countered on his opponent's temple and neck.

Gilmore acted on the defensive in the twentieth round. He had two eyes in mourning and was nearly winded. Danny's right eye was badly swollen, but that was about all. He was in good condition. Needham forced the fighting from the start, and rushed his man all around the ring. Finally his opportunity came. He landed on Gilmore's neck, and the latter went to the floor. Just before time was called Gilmore staggered to his feet, but he was groggy and almost done for. Needham rushed him savagely, knocking him flat in his own corner. Gilmore lay there fifteen seconds, and the fight was awarded to Needham.



FATAL LIAISON WITH ANOTHER'S WIFE.

PAUL NOWLAND'S ILLICIT ACQUAINTANCE WITH MRS. JOHN J. CLEMENTS AT CINCINNATI, O., RESULTS IN HIS MURDER BY HER HUSBAND.



MADE HIM SHELL OUT.

HOW A BOLD ROBBER HELD UP PRESIDENT DAVID H. MOFFAT OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF DENVER, COLO.



KNOCKED SENSELESS WITH A BRICK.

COWARDLY ATTACK ON MISS ANNIE LANCASTER, A PRETTY GIRL WEAVER, BY AN UNKNOWN RUFFIAN AT FALL RIVER, MASS.



SHE WAS FOND OF THE WEED.

GRACE MADDEN IS ARRESTED WHILE PARADING ATLANTIC AVENUE, BROOKLYN, PUFFING CIGARETTE SMOKE INTO THE FACES OF PASSENGERS.



HE BEHAVED IMPROPERLY.

HOW PRETTY HELEN GIERNEY CAME TO DEBART HER LOVER WHILE OUT RIDING WITH HIM NEAR NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.



HE MENTIONED MARRIAGE.

ONE OF THE RACY INCIDENTS DESCRIBED IN MISS TOTTON'S BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT IN WHICH THE DEFENDANT PROPOSED MATRIMONY.



"I WANT YOU."

POLICE CAPTAIN McNULTY'S RAID ON MRS. POHLMAN'S BIG CONCERT HALL, JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY, AND ARREST OF THE FAIR PROPRIETRESS.



A REIGN OF TERROR.

DESPERATE AND BLOODY BATTLE BETWEEN A POSSE OF SHERIFF'S OFFICERS AND THE SOWDER-TURNER BANDITS NEAR BARBOURSVILLE, KENTUCKY.



THE CYCLONE'S AWFUL WORK.

FOUNDING OF THE MEN-OF-WAR TRENTON, VANDALIA AND NIPSIC, AND TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE DURING THE HURRICANE AT APIA, MARCH 15.